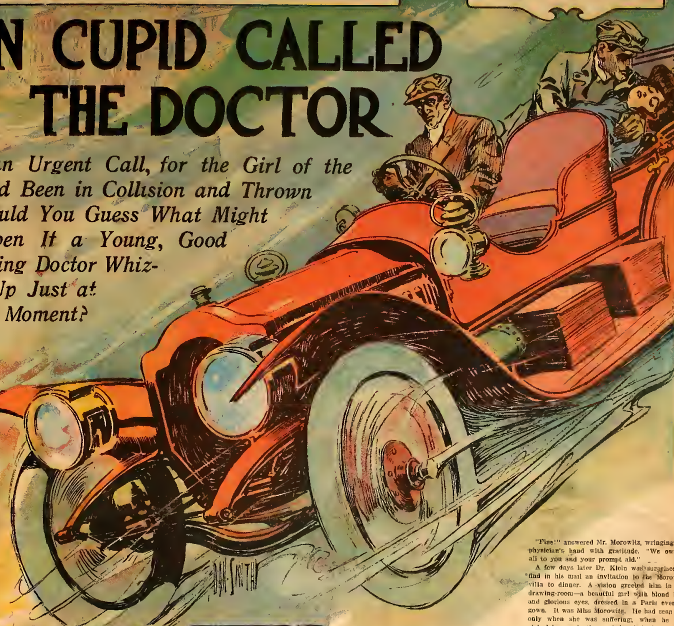
IN THIS NUMBER:
ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF LINCOLN.

The World Magazine Section

FOR THE WEEK OF
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1909.
Copyright, 1909, by the Press Publishing Co. New York World.

WHEN CUPID CALLED THE DOCTOR

It Was an Urgent Call, for the Girl of the Auto Had Been in Collision and Thrown Out---Could You Guess What Might Happen If a Young, Good Looking Doctor Whizzed Up Just at That Moment?



Mrs. Jeannette Helen Klein

A SPRAINED wrist isn't a bit romantic. Neither are three incised wounds of the scalp. Nor is a bruised and lacerated limb.

But when these grievous hurts are mixed up with two automobiles—in one a pretty girl of nineteen and in the other a good-looking young physician—who shall say to the little god of love: "Stand aside, sir!"

Why, nobody, of course!

And that is why there has just been a wedding in New York. Miss Jeannette Helen Morowitz became the wife of Dr. Morris James Klein, thanks to an auto collision and her hurts. If Miss Morowitz hadn't turned her steering wheel the wrong way she might still have been—but why speculate when it is now an accomplished fact?

The collision first, a badly injured young woman, a good-looking young medical man close behind in another auto, his professional services just in the nick of time to the pretty stranger, he hurries her home—what more does any one want?

The father of Miss Morowitz, a retired merchant, has a summer villa at Far Rockaway. Every year the family goes there for the heated term. Last summer, as usual, they were there. Now, all the family are devoted automobilists, and Miss Jeannette the most devoted of all. She liked nothing better than driving her father's big red car down the wide roadways along the beach for a spin before dinner. She learned every intricacy of the .g machine from crank to carbureter; she was never so happy as when she could take the car out alone and drive it to its utmost speed—consistent, of course, with the speed rules and laws of the road.

She drove it once too often, and that was on that day filled with Fate for her—Aug. 15 last.

Miss Morowitz went out alone. Being nineteen years of age, she had a way of her own. She whisked out of the garage, hatless and coatless, for just a little twenty-mile spin before dinner. It was just 5 o'clock.

She reeled off ten miles in almost as many minutes and turned to go home. The going was good, and she pulled the lever out to the last notch. She knew every inch of the road and wasn't afraid.

Right ahead of her, she knew there was a wide curve, but she wasn't afraid of that, because she had taken it many times before in safety, and——

A two-horse brougham driven by a careless coachman on the wrong side of the road was in her path!

Death stared her in the face!

Miss Morowitz jammed the wheel around, but there wasn't time. The car struck the rear wheel of the carriage, stopped short and flung the girl far ahead on the road. She lay there, dazed and badly hurt. The horses were cut loose from their harness and ran away. The brougham's rear wheel was cut off as one might bite through a piece of cheese.

And not a soul to help!

Yes, there was. Not five hundred feet behind whizzed another automobile. In it were a party of five—three men and two women—out for an afternoon spin too. And one of them was Dr. Morris James Klein, of No. 307 Sixth street New York.

In a jiffy the auto was on the scene of the accident. Dr. Klein didn't need two glances to see that his professional services were needed, and urgently too. He jumped out and was at the side of the moaning girl in the road in less time than it takes to tell it.

This was no time for the little conventionalities of life—he saw that something more serious was demanded of him. Before him lay a little crumpled up heap—a moment before it had been a pretty girl, filled with the joy of living.

Quickly he sought for broken bones or a fractured skull. He couldn't find them. But he found a bleeding scalp that needed stitching, and a wrist that was giving its owner exquisite pain. Her pretty clothes were torn and rumpled, and she was on the verge of collapse from shock.

"Take me home," moaned the victim. "I am Miss Morowitz, of Far Rockaway, and"—— But just then merciful unconsciousness stole into her brain.

Dr. Morris James Klein.

Dr. Klein carried his suddenly found patient into his machine.

"Get back to Far Rockaway as fast as you can!" he ordered his chauffeur.

It didn't take him long to see what was needed, and on the way Dr. Klein bandaged up the bleeding wounds as best he could with the handkerchiefs which he had begged from his party of friends.

That was a trying journey for doctor and for suffering patient, since the girl was in great suffering, alternately swooning and reviving, and it was difficult to do much to relieve her distress.

It is doubtful whether the young man who held the suffering girl's head on his arm was able to guess how remarkably shapely that head was, or how exceptionally pretty was the tortured face stained with red and convulsed with pain.

It wasn't hard to find the Morowitz villa—everybody in Far Rockaway knew where it was. The patient was soon revived, and at Mr. Morowitz's request Dr. Klein stayed until Miss Morowitz's hurts were properly attended to and she was put to bed to go through the process of recovery.

"I suppose you have your own family physician?" said Dr. Klein to Mr. Morowitz, when everything had been done that medical skill could do.

"I have," said Mr. Morowitz, "but you have been so skilful and attentive that I hope you will give my daughter the benefit of your experience until she is fully recovered."

"As you say, sir," answered the physician.

So next morning found him at the bedside of his patient. He came again that afternoon and once more in the evening. So carefully had he attended to everything that in three days he pronounced Miss Morowitz well enough to sit up.

Until he was absolutely certain that his charge was out of danger the young doctor did not leave her side a moment longer than was necessary. It is to be suspected that many other obligations were neglected in the interest of this one which he had devotedly assumed.

Now, at last, she was safe. Her nerves had been badly shaken, and could not be mended save by a long rest. But her bodily bruises were on the way to a sure healing, and Dr. Klein said so.

"She doesn't need a physician any longer," he said, and perhaps there was just a suspicion of a sigh in his voice as he said it.

"Fine!" answered Mr. Morowitz, wringing the physician's hand with gratitude. "We owe it all to you and your prompt aid."

A few days later Dr. Klein was surprised to find in his mail an invitation to the Morowitz villa to dinner. A vision greeted him in the drawing-room—a beautiful girl with blond hair and glorious eyes, dressed in a Paris evening gown. It was Miss Morowitz. He had seen her only when she was suffering; when he had picked her up in the road, her hair dishevelled and her face scratched with the dirt of the highway and her pretty frock torn to ribbons—she wasn't any picture for a fashion plate.

It was a jolly evening. When he arose to say "Good night" Dr. Klein was asked to call again. Now, dinner calls are due within the week. But Dr. Klein didn't wait that long. Just three evenings later found him calling at the Morowitz villa.

Why go deeper into it?

Dr. Klein called again and again, and each time he found himself more than welcome. Then he whispered a word, and Miss Morowitz whispered another—the engagement was announced. They were married by the Rev. Dr. Hausman in New York on Jan. 20, and now the happy young people are in Los Angeles, Cal., on their honeymoon.

Dr. Klein is well known, young as he is, in New York. He is chief surgeon at Mount Moriah Hospital, and has a large practice besides. Perhaps he is best known for his new cure for rabies.

A small boy, James O'Neill, was bitten by a mad dog. The brute was driven into a cellar and after it had been stunned by a blow, but not killed, Dr. Klein opened the jugular vein and took out a quantity of the animal's blood. From this blood he made a serum and experimented with it upon rabbits, meanwhile keeping the boy under observation. At the usual time, about four weeks after the bite, the boy began to show preliminary symptoms of hydrophobia.

The wound, which had healed, became inflamed. Slight spasms attacked the throat. At once Dr. Klein began the injections of the serum from the mad dog. For a few days the symptoms began to develop typically. Then they began to give way to the serum. To-day little Jimmy O'Neill is alive and well.

SONG HIT FROM 'A STUBBORN CINDERELLA,' ON PAGE ELEVEN OF THIS NUMBER.

71.2009.085.2046

That Great Speech by Mark Antony

The Distinguished Italian Historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, in a Special Article for the World Magazine Tells Why He Believes That the Oration Made Famous by Shakespeare Was Never Really Delivered.

Guglielmo Ferrero.

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO.

Translated by Arthur Benington.

MARK ANTONY did not deliver the famous incendiary oration at Caesar's funeral! This, together with the destruction of the legend of Antony and Cleopatra, has certainly been the greatest surprise that the American public has discovered in my history of Rome.

The Anglo-Saxon world always views Roman history through the dramas of Shakespeare, every educated person has in mind the great scene of the third act of "Julius Caesar," in which Antony rouses the populace to fury by means of his eloquent oration delivered over the bier of the dictator. Then can this grand scene be entirely a poetic fiction? Can there be no historic truth in it?

Many Americans have asked me how I was ever able to make such a strange discovery. But I am no magician, possessed of a mysterious art which makes the dead speak and snatches from them the secrets of the past. I was able to reach this apparently strange conclusion simply through reading all the ancient authors attentively. Now, these are not at all in accord about this discourse. Plutarch and Dion Cassius say that at Caesar's funeral Antony delivered an incendiary oration; Dion Cassius even reports verbatim the discourse that Antony delivered—and what a long speech it is! On the other hand, Suetonius denies it; he says that Antony merely caused a herald to read the decrees passed by the Senate in honor of Caesar and the oath taken by the Senators, and that he added a few words.

"Instead of a funeral panegyric (laudationis loco)," says Suetonius, "the Consul Antony ordered a herald to proclaim to the people the decree of the Senate, in which it bestowed upon him all honors, divine and human, together with the oath by which they had engaged themselves for his person; and to these he added a few words of his own."

"Laudationis loco," says Suetonius, "instead of a funeral panegyric." So, according to him, there was no real and actual funeral oration.

Thus I found myself confronted by two contradictory assertions: that of Plutarch and Dion Cassius, according to which Antony delivered a long subversive speech; that of Suetonius, according to which Antony spoke only a few words, confining himself to having read by a herald the decrees issued by the Senate in Caesar's honor. One or the other of these assertions must be false; therefore I was obliged to make my choice between them. A careful examination of other documents and of the events which preceded and followed the speech persuaded me that the version of Suetonius is the true one, and the reader may judge for himself if I am right in standing with Suetonius against Plutarch and Dion, after I have described to him briefly these documents and these events.

We still possess a considerable number of letters written by Cicero in the months that followed the death of Caesar, about fifty, more or less. They are most important documents, and it is through them that I have been able to reconstruct the story of that great crisis, minutely, almost day by day. Now, in these letters, written in the months which followed the funeral of Caesar, not only is there no allusion to a speech delivered by Antony, but Antony is often spoken of amicably, as one who might be favorable to the party of Caesar's assassins. How could Cicero look upon Antony as a possible friend if Antony had on the day of Caesar's funeral made such an open declaration of war against the assassins?

But there is another reason, which is even graver. We understand very well the policy which Antony pursued in the first months after Caesar's death; it was a policy of balancing between the two parties; between Caesar's veterans, who wanted revenge, on the one hand, and the assassins who wanted to conquer the state on the other. He was trying not to compromise himself too much either with the one or with the other, in order to see which of the two parties would prove itself the stronger when it came to the final test. He did not break into open war with the party of the assassins of Caesar; he did not raise the standard of vengeance for Caesar until the months of August and September. How on earth could he, six or seven days after Caesar's death, when the situation was still most uncertain, have all at once in a funeral oration anticipated the aggressive policy which he initiated only four or five months later?

Historians have believed Plutarch and Dion Cassius, because they, full of ardent admiration for Caesar, supposed that the assassination of the dictator must immediately have roused universal indignation in Rome, and that therefore Antony must from the first moment have desired to profit by this general indignation. But it is enough to read Cicero's letters to understand that this supposition corresponds in no way with the truth.

Caesar was slain by a coalition of aristocrats belonging to the great families of Rome; this fact was enough to make many persons very reserved and very prudent in expressing their opinions about the murder. At all times and in all places men have a certain instinctive respect for what the wealthy classes do, and this respect was especially profound in Rome, where the people had been accustomed for centuries to venerate the families of its aristocracy as almost divine! Thus it was that only the veterans and the soldiers of Caesar were from the very first moment filled with indignation over his death and clamored loudly for vengeance; those veterans and soldiers who expected from Caesar pensions, lands, pay—all the rewards that he had promised them, and to whom the murder of Caesar meant ruin. But all others, the middle classes, the aristocrats, the Order of the Knights, felt none of this indignation, and they, intimidated by the great names that were found among Caesar's slayers, fearful lest the conspirators finally regain control over the state, were much more reserved. Some approved the killing of Caesar, even in the cannibalistic language which we read in Cicero's letters; others, more moderate, though recognizing that the murder was cruel, sought to justify the slayers and rendered homage to their pure and noble motives; yet others were chary of expressing any opinion about the murder of Caesar or about its authors.

Finally, for three months after Caesar, pierced by many wounds, fell in a pool of blood at the feet of the statue of Pompey, his faithful soldiers circulated about Rome, vainly cursing the murderers of the dictator and vainly demanding vengeance. They could find no prominent man, even among Caesar's most intimate friends, who cared to put himself at their head and openly demand in their name the punishment of the assassins. Even Octavian, the future Augustus, the adopted son of Caesar, for a long time maintained an ambiguous attitude between yes and no, trying not to displease Caesar's veterans too much, but also not to alienate from himself the still powerful party of his slayers.

Arrival of Cleopatra at Ephesus.

Such being the state of affairs, the speech which Plutarch and Dion Cassius attribute to Antony becomes an inconceivable extravagance. On the other hand, how probable is the assertion of Suetonius, how well it corresponds with the situation and with the ambiguous, double, astute policy which Antony was pursuing in those months!

The funeral oration over Caesar was a clumsy trap set for Antony. According to Roman ideas, a great personage must have at his funeral a speech delivered by his nearest relation, or his closest friend if relations were lacking. To permit an eminent personage to be buried without a solemn oration was to commit a very serious insult against the memory of the dead. Caesar could not be buried without a panegyric; for there was the risk of provoking the wrath of his soldiers by this supreme insult. But who should deliver the eulogy? Octavian, his adopted son, the future Augustus, was in Macedonia; many of the relations and friends of Caesar were among the conspirators and so could not praise the man they had slain. Among the relations and the friends who had taken no part in the conspiracy the most eminent without doubt was Antony, who was Caesar's colleague in the Consulate that year. Distantly related to Caesar, having served under him in so many wars, his fellow-Consul that year, Antony, in the absence of near relatives, had to speak the funeral oration. Had he refused he would have committed an atrocious insult to the memory of Caesar, an insult which the soldiers would not have forgiven.

But though Antony could not refuse to deliver the oration, this speech was for him a great dilemma. How praise Caesar in the presence of his soldiers and of his murderers without offending either one or the other and without compromising himself with either the one or the other? Lauding him too highly he might arouse the suspicions of the Conservative party, now become powerful again and almost master of the state, since Caesar's death. Praising him too mildly he might irritate Caesar's soldiers and veterans, that great force which had won the victory in the civil wars and which might again overturn the Conservative party.

But here Antony, who was an astute man, conceived the idea of getting out of the difficulty by a very clever expedient, that related by Suetonius, to make no long speech himself, but instead to make a herald read the numerous decrees in honor of Caesar that the Senate had passed in the past few months, he adding a few words of his own.

What eulogy of Caesar could be finer than the reading of those decrees, made by the highest political assemblage in Rome, by which such extraordinary honors were heaped upon him, honors such as had been conceded to no man before him? The soldiers would be satisfied. The conspirators could not complain, for these decrees of the Senate were official acts, judicially and constitutionally valid, even if Caesar was dead; and many of these very conspirators had voted for these decrees. Thus Antony pronounced the funeral panegyric of Caesar in the words of his assassins.

Mark Antony's Oration, from an Old Engraving.

This version of Suetonius is so clear, precise and luminous; it is in accord with all the politics that Antony was playing at the time, it corresponds with the political situation created by the death of Caesar. Therefore, I have preferred it to the version of Plutarch and Dion Cassius.

If any one should ask me how the famous legend of the oration was born I should tell him that it was created by Cicero. In September of 44 B. C., that is to say, five months after Caesar's death, Cicero and Antony were fighting, having become mortal enemies. From that moment Cicero began accusing Antony of every imaginable crime, and among the others that of having provoked by his speech the riots that followed Caesar's funeral. In the letters which follow his rupture with Antony begin to appear malicious allusions to "that speech," to "that terrible speech," until in the Philippics Antony is openly accused of having incited the populace to rebellion at the funeral of Caesar. The Philippics were delivered about a year after the death of Caesar at a time of violent political passion. The records of what took place on the day of the funeral were not very precise, and in such confusion even accusations such as these might make an impression. Cicero had no exalted scruples in political polemics. He made capital out of these fantastic accusations, and the imaginary charge became a historic fact for the writers who followed.

Thus arose the legend on which Shakespeare relied. Cicero was a great writer and a great man, but in reading him it must never be forgotten that he was a party man engaged in a bitter political fight. What he wrote about his opponents must always be accepted with reserve, never forgetting that in political discussions even the most honest men often blend invention with truth. And the famous oration at the funeral of Caesar was in part an invention of Cicero, designed to prove that Antony was the cause of all the turbulence that followed the death of Caesar.

Note—Dr. Ferrero omits to mention that Appian, the historian, also reports in his "Civil Wars" a speech which he says was delivered by Antony over the bier of Caesar. In no way does it resemble the speech reported by Dion Cassius, but, as George Long, M. A., of Cambridge University, says in a note to his translation of Plutarch, it is "well enough suited to the character of Antony," while that reported by Dion is "mere empty declamation."

THE CONFLICTING AUTHORITIES.

What Suetonius Says.

INSTEAD of a funeral panegyric, the Consul Antony ordered a herald to proclaim to the people the decree of the Senate in which they had bestowed upon him all honors, divine and human, with the oath by which they had engaged themselves for his person; and to these he added only a few words of his own. The magistrates and others who had formerly filled the highest offices carried the bier from the rostra into the Forum."—*From Lives of the Twelve Caesars.*

What Plutarch Says.

WHEN Caesar's body was exposed in the Forum he (Antony) took upon himself to pronounce the funeral oration, as it was customary on such occasions, and perceiving the people to be infinitely affected with what he had said in commendation of Caesar, he raised their pity and enlarged on every point that could move compassion. To complete all, he took the robe f... off the dead corpse and held it up, exposin... all bloody and pierced through with many sta... calling the conspirators villains and bloody mu... derers.—*Life of Mark Antony.*

Beginning of Antony's Speech, as Reported by Dion Cassius

IF this man had died as a private citizen, Quirites, and I had happened to be a private citizen, I should not have needed many words ... have rehearsed all his achievements, but ... making a few remarks about his family, his ... cation and his character, and possibly mentioning some of his services to the state, I should have been satisfied and should have refrained fro... coming wearisome to those not related to him. But since this man has perished while holding the highest position among you and I have received and hold the second, it is required that I should deliver a twofold address, one as the man set down as his heir and the other in my capacity as a magistrate. I must not omit anything that ought to be said but speak what the whole people would have chanted with one tongue if they could have obtained one voice.

When Mark Antony Met Cleopatra.

THE NEWEST WAY OF GETTING OUT OF DEBT

Make Believe to Be Dashed Over a Cliff Into the Sea, as the Pretty Cassie Chadwick of England Did, Because She Had Bought Palaces, Jewels, Horses and Motors She Really Couldn't Pay For.

Violet May Gordon Charlesworth, with a Basket of Flowers Presented to Her by Admiring Society Friends Shortly Before She Disappeared

THERE are two well-tried ways of getting rid of pressing creditors. One is to pay what you owe. The other is to disappear.

In choosing the latter course Miss Violet May Gordon Charlesworth, while automobiling with her sister Lillian in North Wales last month, supposedly plunged headlong through the plate-glass front, or wind screen, of her motor car over a stone wall and down a precipice into the sea, a hundred feet below, where, also supposedly, she was either dashed to pieces on the rocks or drowned. In any event, the receding tide was believed at the time to have carried her body out to sea because no trace of it could be found at the base of the cliff where the accident was said to have occurred.

Since then the fragments of a telegram picked up hundreds of miles from North Wales have led to the recovery of Miss Charlesworth's body, surprisingly alive and well, but living in obscurity in Oban, a remote fishing village on the northeast coast of Scotland. The torn telegram has led, too, to the unfolding of a career compared with which the careers of Cassie Chadwick and Mme. Humbert seem somewhat commonplace.

It is the real life story of a little English schoolgirl, the daughter of a humble mechanic living in Derbyshire. She received a common school education, and as plain May Charlesworth was apparently content to plod along in an uneventful way until she reached her twentieth birthday.

Then her father was thrown out of work on account of a strike, and Miss May was called upon to help keep the wolf from the door. The call found the young woman totally unprepared for office or factory work. She could have gone out to service, but the idea of menial labor did not appeal to her.

Here is where the young woman's hitherto dormant trait of amazing ingenuity began to assert itself. Miss Charlesworth suddenly became Miss Violet May Gordon Charlesworth, favorite godchild of the late Gen. Gordon, who lost his life in the Soudan. By his will, she said, he had left her $2,500,000, which she was to come into possession of on her twenty-fifth birthday.

As a matter of fact Miss Charlesworth is not related in any way to the family of the late Gen. Gordon, and the entire estate left by him amounted to only $10,000. Yet Miss Charlesworth had no apparent difficulty in numbering among her earliest and most gullible victims some of the shrewdest brokers and bankers and tradespeople in London.

When she first approached them, after her father was thrown out of work, it was to obtain small loans. She was only twenty years old then, but, as she took care to explain, in five years she would have $2,500,000. As references she mentioned the Gordon family.

Gullible bankers believed the girl and let her have money. Tradesfolk extended unlimited credit to her. She obtained a letter of introduction from one prominent London business man to a firm of stock brokers and she opened a speculative account and won.

At first her transactions were small and guarded, but fortune smiled on her. She kept on winning and winning until her father lost all interest in the strike and joined his daughter in London, where she and the rest of the family began to live on a scale better suited to their rising fortunes.

And as time went on the girl's luck seemed to improve. She could get almost unlimited credit. Jewellers were glad to let her have jewels, gracefully waving aside all reference to settlements until such time as she should choose to pay.

Then she decided that it was time for a young lady of her means, accomplishments and prospects to enter society. She first leased a beautiful estate at Calne, Wiltshire, sent her dogs and horses there and made occasional week-end visits to the place. Next she rented a large country mansion called Flowerburn, at Fort Rose, in Ross-shire, Scotland, and became a prominent figure at the Highland race meetings. She bought a small country home near London, and another little estate near St. Asaph, North Wales. In London she began to stop at the most expensive hotels, and among the waiters and attendants she won admiration for the largeness and frequency of her tips.

From houses, dogs and horses her tastes wandered to motor cars. She bought cars costing $7,000 and more. Most of her new possessions she paid cash for. Her credit was practically unlimited by this time.

The next chapter in this remarkable young woman's career deals with the turn of the financial tide. But before considering this a word is due Miss Charlesworth. Unlike Cassie Chadwick and Mme. Humbert, who depended principally upon gross deception for the success of their embezzling schemes, Miss Charlesworth possessed youth and beauty. But there has never been even a hint against her character, and she numbered among her new acquaintances many families of wealth and social prominence. The police now say that she has not been involved in any intrigue, although it appears very evident that by maintaining the role of a very unsophisticated and guileless young person she succeeded in hypnotizing or fascinating all those with whom she came in contact.

When the crash came last fall she suddenly discovered that she was indebted to one brokerage firm for $50,000. But that was only the beginning. Her debts began piling up, and she found herself running short of ready money.

Here was a young woman of twenty-four years shouldering debts aggregating probably hundreds of thousands of dollars and worrying even less than when her father went out on strike.

She continued speculating, but luck seemed to have deserted her completely. For ready money she obtained loans from jewellers who waved aside such formalities as a deposit of jewels as security. She bought more motor cars, all on credit. During the last six months, as she has since admitted to the police, she lived at the rate of $250,000 a year with ease, and she found herself called upon to spend very little real money in order to do this.

But this could not last forever. Gradually some of her creditors began to press their claims for a settlement. To them she repeated the story of the $2,500,000 left her by Gen. Gordon, and to be turned over to her on her twenty-fifth birthday, now rapidly approaching. She also added for the benefit of these creditors that the money was in the hands of trustees, who were empowered to withhold a part, or even all, of the inheritance from her if she showed signs of extravagance. She honestly confessed that she had spent more money than she should have, and she feared if her trustees heard about it they would refuse to let her have the Gordon millions.

At the first of the new year Miss Charlesworth's creditors began to get more insistent than ever. Some of them even went to the extent of demanding a settlement at once. The young woman had still managed to retain her country homes and estates in Scotland, England and Wales; but little, if anything, had been paid on them and much more was long overdue. Her town house in London was still intact, and her passion—and credit—for automobiles was as strong as ever.

That was exactly how matters stood on Jan. 1, when she motored to North Wales from Derbyshire with her sister and a chauffeur.

On the following evening the proprietor of an inn on the wild coast road about twenty miles from St. Asaph, where Miss Charlesworth had a small estate, was visited by a highly excited chauffeur and an equally excited young woman, who told him of an automobile disaster.

"We have met with a dreadful accident and my sister has been thrown into the sea," declared the young woman as soon as she had gained sufficient control over her feelings to speak coherently.

The innkeeper and his son and all the help that could be hastily summoned accompanied the two visitors half a mile down the coast road to a point where the road swerves sharply out toward the edge of a promontory called Penmaen Head, rising a hundred feet above the sea.

Protecting the road from the edge of this dizzy cliff is a stone wall, and jammed up against it at the only opening in this wall for half a mile, and directly opposite the highest point of the "Head," was a large touring car. The glass wind-break had been shattered.

"We skidded from the road into the wall," explained the chauffeur. "My sister was thrown headlong through the glass over the cliff and into the sea."

The searchers could find no trace of the body anywhere along the seashore at the foot of the precipice.

On the following Monday morning all the English newspapers told of the mysterious death of Miss Violet Gordon Charlesworth in North Wales. Later editions told that she was the heiress to the millions of the late Gen. Gordon. This, of course, brought forth denials and repudiations, and then it dawned on Miss Charlesworth's big and little creditors that they had all been swindled, and by a young girl scarcely out of her teens. They put their heads together, and, as nobody now credited the story of the motor-car accident, detectives were put on Miss Charlesworth's track.

The discovery was soon made that on the night of her supposed death she boarded a steamer for Ireland. Her sister and the chauffeur had already been lost sight of. But the newspapers gave such prominence to these latest details of the case that they attracted the attention of a Scotchman, the proprietor of an inn at Tobermory, in Scotland. Among his most recent guests was a young woman who had carelessly left in her room when she departed some torn pieces of a telegram on which the name "Violet Charlesworth" appeared. He communicated with the police, who soon traced the young woman to Oban and questioned her.

At first she denied her identity, but after two days she broke down and confessed. She has practically no assets. Her liabilities are enormous. Under the circumstances her creditors, at last reports, were still undecided whether to appear against her and be laughed at or suffer in silence and let her go unpunished.

Arrow Shows Gap in Wall Where Miss Charlesworth Was Said to Have Been Thrown Out of Motor Car and Down Precipice.

The Automobile Which Figured in the Mystery, Showing the Broken Wind Screen Through Which Miss Charlesworth Was Said to Have Been Thrown.

A Cozy Corner in Her Splendid Estate, "Flowerburn," in Scotland

The Interior of Her Country House at Calne, Wiltshire

SMALLEST EDITION OF A BOOK EVER PUBLISHED.

POSSIBLY the smallest edition of a book ever published has been issued from the Torch Press of Cedar Rapids, Ia. It is an edition of ten copies of "The Life of Oscar Wilde," by Judge Willis Vickery, of Cleveland, O. Needless to say, the work is not on sale anywhere, nine copies having been distributed among his friends, the tenth remaining in his possession.

Judge Vickery is a great authority on Wilde and his writings, and he has the finest collection of Wilde's works in America. Not only has he every edition of every work, but he has all the books which Wilde had with him during his confinement in Reading jail.

In "The Life of Oscar Wilde" Vickery makes the prediction that the time will come when Wilde will be considered the greatest literary genius since Shakespeare. Already there is a great revival of interest in his works all over the world, and the tragedy of his life is being forgiven and forgotten. Vickery puts an end to the story which bobs up every little while to the effect that Wilde is still alive and living in seclusion in America. He is doing more than any one man to popularize Wilde, for he believes that if Wilde is understood his name will no longer conjure unpleasant thoughts as it does to the majority of Americans. He has delivered scores of lectures on Wilde and his writings before women's clubs, and he believes that it is only a question of years until the brilliant Irishman will be vindicated before the world at large.

Why Modern Teeth Are Defective.

It's All a Matter of Wrong Diet, Says the Great Dental Surgeon, Prof. Sim Wallace.

PROF. SIM WALLACE, one of the first dental surgeons in England, tells us that the reason why the present generation possesses such bad teeth can only be attributed to the fact that the system of dietary is all wrong. Let the Professor tell you, first, what system he advocates in the case of those who eat three meals a day—breakfast, dinner and supper—and afterwards elaborate his reasons. He is one of the ablest men in his line, and has given deep study to the question.

Wallace advises us to eat for breakfast, bacon, or bacon and eggs, baked or toasted bread, fresh fruit, and only drink tea or coffee when you have finished your meal, not during its course. For lunch or dinner, a meat of some sort, followed by a sweet pudding (if you must), and then fruit, the reason for which he will presently explain. For the last meal, meat (if, again, you must), ship's biscuit and butter, and an apple. It will surprise you to hear that the Professor wholly objects to farinaceous diets, such as porridge, wheat cakes, and the like, for the reason, he declares, that if not followed by a fruit diet, which cleanses the teeth from deposits of food-matter, the result will be to nullify the action of the gastric juice glands, the immediate consequence of which will be to deprive the stomach and the digestive organs of their lubricity, with an ultimate reaction occurring in the teeth.

There is, now, more disease, says Wallace, among children than was ever the case in the past, and as a result of this, the molecular structure of the teeth is spoiled as the teeth become formed. The perfect tooth, without fissures, or clefts, or pits, is rarely found, except among children who have been very carefully watched during their years of rearing. Faulty molecular structure of the teeth is accentuated by the mischievous dietary of the children, and the more defective the enamel, in point of superficial condition, the more predisposed is the tooth to attract into the pits, or fissures, those bacterial elements which eventually produce dental caries, or rottenness. Of all the foods which have a bad effect on the teeth, starch and sugar foods are the worst, and those who have the care of children, or who are themselves addicted to eating starch or sugar foods, should never omit to cleanse the teeth.

Mastication is one of the conditions necessary, says Nalpasse, the French physician, to a proper exercise of the digestive functions, and consequently to the attainment and preservation of perfect health. Now, the quality and quantity of the gastric juice depend on the proper working of the molars. When one eats soft foods, it is certain that little gastric juice is produced, and if sugar forms a main constituent of these foods, the quality of the juice exuded is vitiated. Not only that, but such foods still cling in particles to the teeth, and the arrival of caries is only a question of time. Vegetarians have rarely good teeth, for the reason that their foods are not of sufficient hardness to produce a sufficient quantity of gastric fluid to lubricate the digestive organs properly.

And so, if you refer back to Prof. Wallace's type of meal, you will see that he forbids you to eat starch or sugar foods and jam or marmalade, in order that the process of mastication may be properly fulfilled, and the requisite amount of gastric fluid brought into action. Again, you will note that he forbids you to drink coffee, or tea, or milk during the meal, for the reason that it interferes with the proper action of the gastric fluid. If you must indulge in farinaceous foods, and have what is known as a "sweet tooth," you must neutralize their effects upon the teeth with fruit. Finally, you will observe that the teeth at first seek to act without considering the stomach; the stomach retaliates by refusing to work properly; eventually war is declared by both parties, and thenceforth, dyspepsia is master of the situation.

ABOUT THE STARS IN FEBRUARY.

By Garrett P. Serviss

THIS month Mercury is an evening star, setting very early. Jupiter continues throughout the month to be conspicuous in the Eastern part of the constellation Leo. He rises about 8 P. M. at the beginning of the month, and crosses the meridian about 3 A. M. He is always a splendid telescopic object, and his colored belts and rapidly moving moons are sources of unending enjoyment for the observer. Being 1,200 times larger than the earth, Jupiter is an imposing object even to the naked eye. If he were as near to us as the moon his immense globe would fill half the sky, and the little earth would become one of his satellites. Neptune, only visible in the most powerful telescopes, is an evening star, in Gemini, crossing the meridian about 10 o'clock at the beginning of the month and 8 o'clock at the end. Venus, Mars and Uranus are all morning stars.

Orion, Canis Major, with the magnificent Sirius; Taurus, with the Pleiades and Hyades; Auriga, made beautiful by Capella; Gemini, with its twins, and Canis Minor, with Procyon, occupy the centre of the February evening sky, and the heavens do not elsewhere contain a celestial spectacle that can be compared with that which they present.

At this time of the year the second brightest star in the sky, Canopus in Argo, is visible just above the southern horizon for observers not further north than Charleston, S. C. Canopus is a star of extraordinary brilliance, and while its magnitude to our eyes is less than that of Sirius its real magnitude is known to be immensely greater. In truth, there is reason to think that Canopus may have no superior in the whole universe. The best estimates indicate that it exceeds the sun not less than 10,000 times in actual brightness. Its enormous distance alone causes it to shine for us less brightly than Sirius.

Among objects of special interest, which may be seen with the naked eye and may be viewed with considerable satisfaction with the aid of an opera or field glass, are the Beehive Cluster in Cancer, the Great Nebula in the Sword of Orion, and the very wonderful nebula in the constellation Andromeda. The first of these objects looks to the naked eye like a bit of star-spangled cobweb floating in the sky. An opera glass shows readily its component stars. The first sight of these stars by Galileo filled him with delight and amazement. It was one of the first conquests of his telescope.

Two very puzzling facts are known about this nebula. In the first place its distance is so enormous that no measures have been made of it. It seems to lie outside the boundary of the visible system of stars, so that some have supposed that it may be another universe than ours, just visible as a luminous speck in the abyss of space. The other singular fact, which has an important bearing on what has just been said, is that, unlike the Orion nebula, the Andromeda nebula is apparently not gaseous in its constitution. As far as its spectrum indicates it is composed of solid constituents, or of something in a semi-solid state, like liquid or gas under high compression. This would indicate that it consists of stars which are so remote that no telescope can reveal them individually. Its vast whirls would then seem to be aggregations of stars like those that compose the Milky Way. If this be, then, another universe external to ours, it would seem to be constructed on a similar plan.

DROWNING AS A DEATH PENALTY.

THE revival this year, in France, of the guillotine, as a method of despatching criminals convicted of capital offenses, recalls the fact that execution by drowning was abolished by Henri Quatre, only to be revived by one of his successors. It was finally abolished as a statutory method of execution by the earliest decrees of the great revolutionaries.

As late as the eighteenth century, death by drowning was decreed to a felon in Edinburgh, and in the middle ages it was a common enough mode of doing a convicted criminal to death. That execution of this nature was considered as humane as any other, so far as the victim was concerned, is shown by the fact that it was not unknown among the early Jews, who varied the punishment of stoning adultresses by drowning them. Among the Egyptians it was common. The Roman Lex Cornelia sanctioned the method by placing it on the statute records. Tacitus tells us that the Germans copied the practice from the Romans. The Teuton termed it the "last baptism," and he did not allow his powers of imagination to sleep when he sat about devising additional varieties which should add to the excitement attending upon the doomed person's departure from life. The convict was sewn up, Monte Cristo fashion, in a bag, and with him were inclosed a vicious dog, a hungry cat, a violent rooster, a venomous viper, all very much alive and, presumably, kicking.

For what reason it is hard to see, but death by drowning was by many peoples considered preferable for criminal women. In the case of very debased or very mean offenders the Romans had a more or less pleasant fashion of drowning the doomed ones in marshes, first encasing them in elaborate crates.

For refined cruelty in killing off their female criminals, the earlier Albanians were certainly the most inventive in the matter of ingenuity. It is commonly known, of course, that even the modern Albanian has less respect for womankind than any other known male in the human catalogue, not even excluding the Chinese. The approved method of doing a criminal, or even a displeasing woman, to death prevalent among them up to rather less than a century ago, was to chain her in a tank into which the water was allowed to flow gradually. As the water reached her breast, it was allowed to recede, sometimes back to her ankles, when the refilling of the tank began anew. If the woman had children the torture was varied by the drowning or mutilation of them before her eyes. To various parts of her body was attached such food as attracts rats, of which a number would be let loose.

WHAT WAS LINCOLN'S RELIGION?

Testimony Tending to Prove His Interest in, if Not His Belief in, Spiritualism—His Attendance at Seances and the Story of a Child's Trance.

By Genevieve Hazelrigg.

WHAT was the religion of Lincoln? Did his mind move along purely secular lines in which jocoseness, levity and rough humor—as has been charged—played the chief parts? Or was there a spiritual, as distinguished from the religious, vein permeating that great soul, so deeply seated as not to be discerned by the superficial mind?

Was he an agnostic—as say reports so freely circulated from time to time, with many of his statements cited to sustain the assertion?

Was he a Spiritualist—as the burden of proof seems amply to establish to the satisfaction of the professed Spiritualist, who loves to relate with much circumstance and detail the tendency of the martyred President to view, at least with interest and curiosity, the revelations and phenomena so generously professed by this cult?

Quoting an editorial from a prominent New York daily of the time: "If it can be proven that Abraham Lincoln was in any way connected with Spiritualism, or did take counsel from any medium at a time when the nation's weal or woe hung in the balance, or was in any manner governed by such counsel, it would be the literary event of the nineteenth century, the most astonishing statement of modern times."

To H. C. Deming, of Connecticut, on an occasion when conversation took a religious turn, Mr. Lincoln impressively summarized his attitude toward the churches, while epitomizing his own creed: "I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and Gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and soul."

The Rev. E. C. Bolles, in describing an interview with Lincoln, pronounced him "the best Christian the world ever saw, for he bore the world upon his heart. That man was bearing the country of his birth and love upon his naked soul."

Francis B. Carpenter, the distinguished artist and painter of the Emancipation Proclamation, and also of the very last portrait of Lincoln, as well as the author of the "Inner Life of Abraham Lincoln," says: "Just what Mr. Lincoln's religious views were I do not know, but it is a fact that he was known to pray * * * I do know that he had faith in spiritual comfort and believed that we were, in a measure, directed by spiritual teachers and guidance." Elsewhere in his reminiscences Mr. Carpenter says: "Aside from emotional expression, I believe no man had a more abiding sense of his dependence upon God or faith in the Divine government and in the power and ultimate triumph of truth and right in the world."

A New York newspaper published on Oct. 20, 1891, a dispatch from Chicago, as follows: "In reference to the statement made by Mrs. Nettie Colburn-Maynard, of White Plains, New York, published this morning to the effect that President Lincoln was a Spiritualist, Col. Bundy, of this city (Chicago), editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, said: 'There can be no question that Mr. Lincoln sat in seances and repeatedly had mediums at the White House. I know positively that through his investigations he became convinced of the continuity of life and of communication between the two worlds. Is it a fact that Lincoln held seances during the winter of 1864-65 with Charles Colchester and Charles Foster, the well-known mediums? Yes, it is a fact, and I am also able to say confidently that he held seances with Miss Nettie Colburn.'"

It seems to be a well-authenticated fact that besides the media above named the President and Mrs. Lincoln received many others whose peculiar gifts entertained as well as advised and protected the President during the turbulent days of the war. It is asserted that it was through the warning of the medium Charles Redmond that Mr. Lincoln was saved from assassination at Baltimore by changing his route between Philadelphia and Washington, going by way of Harrisburg, and also evading possible assassins by donning a Scotch cap and cape as disguise.

J. B. Conkling, Mrs. Lucy A. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Laurie and their daughter were other mediumistic friends frequently received at the White House by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. It was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurie who had a peculiar gift that greatly surprised as well as amused the President. This young lady would play the piano while "under control," or seemingly entranced. As her fingers flew over the keys the piano (a large grand) would rise and fall, keeping perfect time with the music. The medium by simply placing her hand upon the instrument could put it through all sorts of antics. On one occasion Mr. Lincoln seemed determined to frustrate such queer physical phenomena. He proposed to "hold that instrument down," and invited the gentlemen present, including Col. Simon P. Kase, Daniel E. Somes and certain army officers, to assist in downing the "invisible power," and despite the fact that five gentlemen mounted the piano and with difficulty held their seats the instrument continued "to waltz about the room," as facetiously asserted by one who was present.

The late Col. Simon P. Kase, the millionaire railroad builder, of Pennsylvania, and a close personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, told a story in which, after mentioning what had taken him to the White House, he said: "Soon I observed a young girl come walking up toward the President from the other end of the large parlor. I had not noticed her in the room previously. Her eyes were closed and she was stroking her chin. She came up close to the knee of the President and said:

"'Sir, you were called to the position you occupy for a very great purpose. The world is universally in bondage. It must be physically set free, so that it may mentally rise to its proper status. There is a spiritual congress supervising the affairs of this nation, as well as a Congress at Washington. This republic will lead the van of republics throughout the world.'

"This was a text upon which she lectured the President for a full hour and a half, dwelling strongly on the importance of the emancipation of the slaves, saying that the war could not end unless slavery was abolished. Among other things she prophesied that from the time of the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation there would be no reverses to the Union armies. I never listened to a lecture so grand and sublime and so full of thought as this delivered by a little girl, who must have been under deep control of the spirit of some ancient philosopher. The President listened with the greatest attention throughout her discourse."

Col. Kase said that this child in her trance practically dictated the Emancipation Proclamation, which Lincoln issued within a month, despite the urgings of his friends and advisers to withhold or defer so radical a movement.

This "little girl" still lives, and relates many interesting reminiscences of her "sittings" with the great man, both at the time of his occupancy of the White House and before he ever went to Washington. She avers that Mr. Lincoln frequently received spirit warnings of contemplated attempts upon his life and that the nature of his taking off was not wholly unanticipated. It was more than a premonition, it was a belief, and he was quite reconciled, feeling that his work was ended.

The celebrated medium, Mrs. Maynard, at that time Nettie Colburn, in a 250-page book tells the story of her numerous seances with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, the latter of whom was an avowed Spiritualist and decidedly psychic herself. Such men as Gen. Daniel E. Sickles and Alfred Horton have told of their share in Abraham Lincoln's investigations. Affidavits are still on file with the County Clerk of Westchester County, New York, which corroborate Mrs. Maynard's assertions.

An obituary notice of Mrs. Lincoln, published in New York on July 17, 1882, contains the following words:

"Just after the election a singular circumstance occurred, which once more brought out the gift of prophecy which Mrs. Lincoln possessed. Mr. Lincoln described it in the following language: 'It was after my election, when the news had been coming thick and fast all day, and there had been a great "hurrah, boys!" so that I was well tired out, and went home to rest, throwing myself upon a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it, and, looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled. I got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was paler than the other. I got up and the thing melted away, and I went off and, in the excitement of the hour, forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in awhile come up and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I came home I told my wife about it, and a few days after I tried the experiment again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was a sign that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the second term.' Mr. Lincoln regarded the vision as an optical illusion, caused by nervousness. His wife's prophetic interpretation of the circumstance, viewed in the light of subsequent events, seems certainly most extraordinary."

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH AND THE FUNERAL ORATION OF PERICLES.

Had the War President Read Thucydides When He Delivered His Famous Address?

By Henry Tyrrell.

THE classic simplicity, brevity and directness of Abraham Lincoln's immortal speech at Gettysburg have been acknowledged and acclaimed by the whole world. Is it beyond surmise that it may have had a classic origin or suggestion?

In the famous funeral oration of Pericles, as reported (and probably in great part composed) by Thucydides, there are passages which rather strikingly parallel certain thoughts in the most celebrated utterance of Lincoln. We know that the great martyr-President, in his maturer years, was fond of reading, in translation, the history and literature, particularly the tragic episodes and historic orations, of ancient Greece and Rome. This peroration of the Athenian statesman and orator, on the occasion of the public burial, in the Keramikos of Athens, of the dead of the Peloponnesian wars, is a piece of the world-literature of the centuries, which, as Macaulay might have said without much exaggeration, "every schoolboy knows by heart."

It was the custom of the Athenians to bring home the bones of those who perished in the service of their country, to be buried at the public expense in the Keramikos, or Potter's Field, the most beautiful suburb of Athens. When the remains had been laid in earth, some man of known ability and high reputation was chosen by the city to pronounce an oration over those who had fallen in her cause. In accordance with this custom, Pericles was chosen to speak at the public funeral of those who were thus honorably interred after the first year of the war with Sparta (431 B. C.). Thucydides has availed himself of the opportunity to put into the mouth of Pericles, his favorite hero, a most vivid and dramatic discourse, embodying a picture of Athenian life and institutions in the fourth century before the Christian era which through succeeding ages the world has accepted as the ideal description or conception of democratic government.

It is a most plausible conjecture that Lincoln may have been familiar with this oration, so consonant with his own ideals, and so peculiarly appropriate, in its suggestion, to the occasion which called forth the supreme eloquence of the American war-President's great heart and mind. If he did not turn to this high source, he might well have done so. And this can be said without any disparagement to Lincoln—rather the contrary, for his effort shines with undiminished splendor when placed in direct comparison with that of the Athenian. It must be remembered, too, that the passages here detached and condensed are the essence of what Pericles (or Thucydides) put forth as a long, elaborate, set and formal oration. It was what Edward Everett's oration was at Gettysburg, when that eminent speaker of the day said to Lincoln, "I wish I could be sure, Mr. President, that I had come as near to expressing the true spirit of this occasion in my two hours' speech as you have done in your two minutes."

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

At the dedication of the National Cemetery on the Battlefield of Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.

FOURSCORE-AND-SEVEN years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

PERICLES'S SPEECH—(495-429 B. C.)

At the public funeral of Athenian soldiers who died in the Peloponnesian wars.

THOSE who have acted nobly and died nobly, would best be honored by noble acts alone—such as are these dumb funeral rites paid by a grateful people. Their glory cannot be put in the keeping of one man's words, which may be either eloquent or unworthy, and are sure to be either too many or too few.

But if we must speak, as the law commands, let us dwell on the principles of action whereby our fathers, and these our dead, their sons, bravely fought to make this empire the home of freedom which we now enjoy. Such thoughts are a fitting prelude to the praises of those who have died for Athens.

Of all cities, Athens alone is even greater than her fame. She needs no poet to sing her praises; every land and every sea can furnish proofs of her enterprise and success. Her enemies, when defeated, are not disgraced. Her subjects confess that she is worthy to rule them. Such is the city for which these men have given their lives, whose obsequies we are met here to celebrate. Her praises are theirs, for it is they, and such as they, who have made her what she is. What can be more glorious than such a fate as theirs, which, whether early or late, whether the first indication or the final seal of virtue, is the true assurance of a man?

Let us, who remain, endeavor to follow their example, while praying that our days may be longer in the land. Even when their efforts failed, they remained faithful unto death, giving their lives when nothing else was left to give.

Their reward is worthy of them. Their glory shall never die. The whole wide world is their sepulchre. Their epitaphs are written in the hearts of mankind. Wherever there is speech of noble deeds, their names hold in remembrance.

What Every Woman Doesn't Know.

No. 5.—That a Little Psychology Is a Dangerous Thing.

By Emily Cole.

WHEN a woman begins to analyse her feelings in regard to any particular man, it may be taken as an almost infallible sign of one of two things: either she has already fallen in love with that man, or she is on the danger line, to overstep which by a hairsbreadth is to precipitate herself headlong into that sweet and golden abyss.

With a man the very opposite is generally true. When a man begins to indulge in the same process of introspection relative to a woman—when he begins to weigh, to measure, to analyze, his emotional attitude toward her, it may be taken as an equally portentous omen that he is not in love with that woman, and in no hazard of becoming so; or, that if he once did, he now no longer loves her.

It is George Meredith, I believe, who says—and nobody knows men and women, and how they feel about themselves and toward each other, better than George Meredith—it is he who says that a woman's love begins where a man's love ends. Nothing truer than this epigram was ever expressed in language, and nothing better illustrates the radical mental and moral differences between the sexes and their consequently contrasted and opposed points of view. Nothing, indeed, unless we dare attempt to improve a little upon the Meredithian aphorism and say that a man's love is merely a woman's love turned upside down.

In any event, one thing is certain: a man's love, in some mysterious and devious way, operates after a process that is radically different from that of a woman's love; and the most conspicuous difference lies in the sharply contrasted results which self-analysis of the emotions is sure to bring about.

Verily, a little psychology is a dangerous thing. Every woman does not know, but it behooves her to learn, that the most hazardous thing one can do to a perfectly good and altogether smooth-running love affair is to attempt to analyze it. It is well to remember that no sort of human affection, no sort of human love, and above all else no sort of sex love—and I care not how pure, how beautiful, how holy that sentiment is—can survive the scientific searchlight without becoming a shriveled, distorted and hideous thing. As the dissector's knife and scalpel may in a trice make ghoulish havoc of the beautiful Phryne herself; as the practical hand of the botanist in his quest for dry and arid knowledge may pluck the delicately fashioned orchid to tatters—so may a man and woman by dissection destroy the fair form of love, and tear to tatters the "red, red rose" of passionate attachment.

It is clearly, then, the better part of a woman's wisdom, when in love, to give no encouragement to this pastime, only too often a favorite one with young lovers. For while a woman can perhaps psychologize herself and her love for a man, and his love for her, in all the degrees from boiling point down to that frigid temperature where liquid air is said to boil upon ice; and while she can do it with impunity as regards her own heart and her own unalterable passion—just as when she was a little girl she consistently disemboweled her doll to find it stuffed with sawdust, but loved it none the less for that—the same is not true of a man.

In other words, to put it briefly, to psychologize herself is not fatal to a woman in love; to psychologize himself is fatal to a man in love. No man of any sense ever analyzes or attempts to analyze any of the sources of his pleasures, any of the well-springs of his affections and enjoyments. To him it is sufficient that he loves and is loved; that he is happy; that he is having a good time, as good as, perhaps a little better than most men have. More than this, he cares nothing. The why, and the wherefore, and the whither of it all, in these he is not the least interested.

For a man, if he has read anything at all of science or of philosophy, knows something a woman's common sense ought to teach her without the trouble of such reading, that the best aid to happiness, as likewise to good digestion, is unconsciousness. The quack and the traveling medicine fakir know that their trade thrives in proportion as they can succeed in making perfectly good and sound and altogether unconscious stomachs and other organs become conscious of themselves, and the devil, you may depend upon it, is always too eager for an opportunity, while warming his hands over the fire of love, to tempt the woman to taste of the bitter and deadly fruit.

Why do you love me? What is there about me that makes you love me? I am not beautiful, I am not clever, I am full of flaws and imperfections, and you say you love me? Are you sure you love me, and if you are, how do you explain it? These are questions that have been asked, I suppose, ever since men first began to love women, and women to return their love. Nor are these questions restricted to women who need not doubt about the answers. Women of the most dazzling beauty and women of the most brilliant minds and accomplishments have in common a curious habit of depreciating their charm and ability when engaged with a lover in the process of psychologizing a passion.

And equally curious is the resentment which most such women feel in their hearts at the possibility that it is for their beauty or for their cleverness that they are loved. By some strange and altogether inverted process of reasoning, a process altogether her own, the average woman prefers to be loved, not for any tangible and appreciable qualities and quantities, but rather for those that are subtle, elusive, evanescent. Or, as she is wont to express it, she wants to be "loved for herself alone."

She would like to feel, and in this longing there is shadowed forth all that is most lofty in sex love—this strange, complex, highly organized modern woman would like to feel that she would be equally beloved by the man of her choice if she had come into the world with a blighting birthmark upon her face, or with a hair lip; or if she had a wooden leg.

With men it is quite different, however. The most idealistic of men love women for very appreciable qualities—for qualities of heart or mind or person, or all three combined. With the most idealistic, the ordinary psychological analysis as conducted by the average woman will have little or no effect upon the quality of his love and passion. The same cannot be said, however, of the practical, everyday sort of man, the man whom it is best for the average woman to marry. That man, if a woman call attention too often to the strange fact that he loves her, will bye-and-bye take her at her word and begin to wonder himself why he does. And the moment a man begins to wonder why he loves a woman, that woman will soon hear her knell ring.

The surest way to prevent the ringing of the knell, then, is to refrain from asking what one might term "leading questions." Do not disturb the course of love's young dream by any rude and unmannerly queries regarding the why and the wherefore. Such queries never lead to the matrimonial altar, though they may bring one to the divorce court. For love, romantic love, it is well to bear in mind, is a fairy fabric, a delicate gossamer substance, into which a little bit of psychology burns like a mordant dropped on a piece of gauze.

Verily, a little psychology is a dangerous thing.

HAS EACH NATIONALITY A SPECIAL ODOR?

DR. MATIGNON, a French medical authority, has just placed himself on record with a curious statement to the effect that each nationality has an especial odor which differentiates it from all others—members of the white races as well as those of the dark and yellow.

The white man objects to the presence of a negro or an Asiatic on account of what he terms a more or less offensive or disagreeable odor. Said white man would, however, be much surprised to learn that the high-caste Asiatics object to his presence on precisely the same odor grounds. According to the Chinese of the upper orders, the white man, be he ever so exalted an official, exudes from his person an odor which they describe as dull and weedy; in their own language, they assert that the white man has a smell of a dead body. The Parsees of India, the aristocratic caste par excellence in the great British dependency, declare that the European has a smell of ashes, and since they themselves are worshippers of active fire, his presence to them is all the more offensive. The negro asserts that if a dozen black men were shut up in a darkened room with one white person the presence of the latter would soon make itself felt, owing to the peculiar odor which is characteristic of the white man.

Doctor Matignon furthermore declares that in states of great excitement an individual is likely to give off in a highly accentuated degree the "basic" odor which characterizes the body. Thus an hysterical person often smells of violets, and in an abnormal state will markedly emit the odor of these flowers.

THE TRAGEDY OF BURIAL ALIVE!

Miss Edith Curzon, Who Revived While Being Prepared for Burial.

How Science and Legislation Are Seeking to Avert It by New Precautions Which Shall Either Give Assurance that Death Is Absolute or that Rescue May Be Possible in Case of an Awakening ---Tales by Poe and Zola.

ASSEMBLYMAN MARKS, of Hudson County, N. J., introduced a bill in the House some time ago providing that all cemeteries shall be equipped with a receiving vault, the interior of which shall be in view of a person outside and subject to frequent inspection by a physician. In this vault bodies are to be kept until it is proved beyond any doubt that life is extinct. In the interior of the vault are to be placed mechanical devices which will enable the supposedly dead person to give alarm in the event of a return to consciousness. Somewhat similar provisions are contained in a bill introduced in the House at Albany by Assemblyman Redington. It provides that each cemetery shall have a mortuary to be used for the disposal of the dead. Each body so received is to be kept under observation for a certain period of time before interment or cremation.

This incident reflects popular apprehension concerning that world-old horror—burial alive.

While the subject of premature burial is a most distressing one, and one the details of which are better hushed and forgotten, certain occurrences occasionally arise serving to reawaken the widely prevalent dread of being buried alive. Medical science, the Legislature and the inventor have endeavored to obliterate that dread by providing means whereby premature burial and its gruesome consequences may be effectually prevented.

The newest and most important organized movement to provide against premature burial has been started by the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, an English organization, which has been at work for the past twelve years. Preparations are being made to establish a branch of the organization in America, probably in Washington. Large quantities of literature dealing with the subject are being sent to medical societies and to lawmakers all over the United States. Statistics compiled by British medical authorities are presented, showing that out of a total of 384 recorded cases 149 persons were buried alive, 219 had narrow escapes, 10 were dissected alive, 3 had narrow escapes from vivisection, 2 were embalmed alive and 1 was cremated alive. Further attention is called to the fact that in the above figures the countless thousands of people who die and are buried alive and of whom there is no record have no part.

In one of the books that are being sent out from England the writer says: "It was no mere hysterical craze that prompted sober-minded thinkers like Frances Power Cobbe and Herbert Spencer to give directions in their wills which in the one case would remove all fear of resuscitation in the tomb, and in the other would provide against a ghastly imprisonment should life not be extinct.

"Only during the last few months cases occurred in this country which sent a thrill of horror through the whole population and led thousands to inquire if something could not be done to guard against living burial, seeing that in the recorded instances medical men had definitely certified that the subjects were dead, and that they were saved only at the very last moment from an awful tragedy."

The remedy the English enthusiasts are offering may be summed up briefly:

That medical students shall be specially informed in death counterfeits and in the means of applying tests to apparently dead bodies.

That the diagnosis of death shall no longer be left to undertakers, relatives or friends, but that every medical practitioner, before signing a certificate of death, shall be under an obligation to view the body and make a careful inspection and examination.

It is asserted that at present death certificates are often granted without the medical man having viewed the body.

It is suggested that to this end, waiting mortuaries, lighted and ventilated, furnished with pleasing surroundings and replete with every apparatus for resuscitation, should be provided by urban or rural cemetery authorities, where every person dying within their respective areas could be deposited until such time as the official death verifier appointed for the purpose certified that the signs of decomposition in the body warranted its interment.

It is asserted that the signs of death are impossible to mistake. Dr. Richardson, an English specialist, sums up some of the more important of them as follows:

Respiratory failure, including absence of visible movements of the chest, absence of the respiratory murmur, absence of evidence of transpiration of water vapor from the lungs by the breath.

Cardiac failure, including absence of arterial pulsation, of cardiac motion and of cardiac sounds.

Absence of turgescence or filling of the veins on making pressure between them and the heart.

Reduction of the temperature of the body below the natural standard.

Rigor mortis and muscular collapse.

Coagulation of the blood.

Putrefactive decomposition.

Absence of red color in semitransparent parts under the influence of a powerful stream of light.

Absence of muscular contraction under the stimulus of galvanism, of heat, and of puncture.

Absence of red blush of the skin after subcutaneous injection of ammonia (Monteverdi's test).

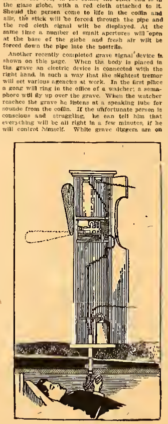
Absence of signs of rust or oxidation of a bright steel blade, after plunging it deep into the tissues.

It is the intention of the American members of the association to endeavor to influence legislation and to procure the enactment of a law which will provide every possible safeguard against premature burial.

Meanwhile, Dr. Vaillant, chief of the radiographic service of La Riboisiere Hospital, Paris, is experimenting with a machine which, he asserts, will provide an absolute test of death. It involves the use of X-ray photographs of the internal organs, which, Dr. Vaillant declares, differ in the cases of subjects alive or dead. Details show clearly in the case of a corpse, but not if life is present. Radiographs of bodies taken a few minutes after death reveal clearly the outlines of all the organs, whereas, if the radiographs are taken during life the organs are not revealed.

At Pittsburg, Hubert Devan, a French-Canadian, recently announced the invention, now protected by patents, of a device which he calls a "grave signal." The device consists of a piece of ordinary gaspipe, six feet long, with a glass globe about the size of an incandescent lamp on one end. The pipe is arranged to pass through a brass plate at the head of the coffin, leaving the lower end within a fraction of an inch of the forehead of the corpse. Through the centre of the pipe runs a plain, smooth stick, one end of which rests on the forehead of the body in the coffin; the other end is in the glass globe, with a red cloth attached to it. Should the person come to life in the coffin and stir, the stick will be forced through the pipe and the red cloth signal will be displayed. At the same time a number of small apertures will open at the base of the globe and fresh air will be forced down the pipe into the nostrils.

Another recently completed grave signal device is shown on this page. When the body is placed in the grave an electric device is connected with the right hand, in such a way that the slightest tremor will set various agencies at work. In the first place a gong will ring in the office of a watcher; a semaphore will fly up over the grave. When the watcher reaches the grave he listens at a speaking tube for sounds from the coffin. If the unfortunate person is conscious and struggling, he can tell him that everything will be all right in a few minutes, if he will control himself. While grave diggers are on the way he keeps in communication with the reviving man, who is supplied, automatically, meanwhile, with oxygen from a tank.



Device by Which a Person Coming to Life in the Grave Can Signal for Help.

But in spite of the progress being made toward a condition in which premature burial will no longer be possible, it will be a long time before the fear of being buried alive can be effaced. Annie V. Rand, widow of Jasper Rand, of Montclair, N. J., died in Milan, Italy, a few weeks ago, leaving an estate worth more than $1,000,000. When her will was read it showed that Mrs. Rand had a great fear of being buried alive, for provision was made for the employment of every known scientific test of death before her burial. Her directions were carefully noted.

Dr. John Dixwell, of Harvard University, in speaking before the Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Legal Affairs during the consideration of a bill making proof of death compulsory, stated that the horror of premature burial had become so impressive to two Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States that they had engaged him to guarantee that they should not be buried alive. Dr. Dixwell mentioned, incidentally, that many years ago he was himself pronounced dead by distinguished physicians, and barely escaped a horrible fate.

Such cases as that of Dr. Dixwell are frequently met with in the records. One of the most interesting of recent date was that of Miss Edith Curzon, of Red Bank, N. J. Her death came suddenly, and as a sequel to a participation in a parade in which she had posed as the Goddess of Liberty. After the doctor had pronounced her dead, an undertaker was sent for. He and the doctor tried to detect any possible sign of life, but there was no response to any of the usual tests. Then, as the preparation of the body for embalming began, the undertaker suddenly detected a slight movement of an eyelid.

With a cry he ran into the adjoining room and announced the news to the family. They rushed to Miss Curzon's bedside to seize the spark of life which yet remained. Restoratives were applied and in half an hour the young woman opened her eyes. Later she recovered completely.

Mrs. James Waters, of Lewisburg, Pa., was equally fortunate. She was pronounced dead, and just as the embalming fluid was about to be injected into her veins she raised one arm. She was at once revived, and in a few days she was almost as well as ever.

So great was the fear of John M. Pursel, of Williamsport, Pa., that he would awake some time and find he had been buried alive that he had a special vault built as a receptacle for his body. The vault was horror-proof in case of premature burial. By his directions the lid of his coffin was not fastened down. Had he returned to life after burial it would have been easy for him to open the vault door from the inside. Mr. Pursel died of apoplexy, aged seventy-three years. For years he had been haunted by a fear of being buried alive.

A sigh from the coffin in which a widow, Mme. Pessat, was about to be lowered into the grave at Doussard, France, some years ago, saved that lady from premature burial. The coffin lid was raised and Mme. Pessat was found wide awake and trying to sit up. She was hastily taken out of the coffin and removed to more cheerful surroundings. But the shock proved too much for her and she died a few days later.

A STORY BY POE.

Several gruesome incidents are cited as facts in "The Premature Burial," by Edgar Allan Poe. Before relating his own imaginative experience, he gives a number of well-authenticated cases, of which the following is one of the most interesting:

"One case of a very remarkable character, and of which the circumstances may be fresh in the memory of some of my readers, occurred not very long ago in the neighboring city of Baltimore, where it occasioned a painful, intense and widely extended excitement.

"The wife of one of the most respectable citizens—a lawyer of eminence and a member of Congress—was seized with a sudden and unaccountable illness, which completely baffled the skill of her physicians. After much suffering she died, or was supposed to die.

"The lady was deposited in her family vault, which for three subsequent years was undisturbed. At the expiration of this term it was opened for the reception of a sarcophagus—but alas! how fearful a shock awaited the husband, who personally threw open the door! As its portals swung outwardly back, some white-apparelled object fell rattling within his arms. It was the skeleton of his wife in her yet unmoulded shroud.

"A careful investigation rendered it evident that she had revived within two days after her entombment—that her struggles within the coffin had caused it to fall from a ledge or shelf to the floor, where it was broken so as to permit her escape. A lamp which had been accidently left full of oil within the tomb was found empty. It might have been exhausted, however, by evaporation."

ZOLA'S TALE OF A GRAVE.

Zola, in his story "The Passing of Oliver Becaille," tells the tale of a stricken man who was duly mourned and beseemingly buried long before death had marked him for despatch. Here, about, is the gist of Zola's tale:

Oliver Becaille was a plain man of the people, married to a winsome lass, Margaret, his playmate of the old village days. The twain had come to Paris to better a feeble fortune. Arrived in the big city, that trickstress Fortune began to take a sinister interest in them, with the result that Oliver fell ill. So ill, indeed, that one morning, as Margaret entered the bedroom with her husband's breakfast, she was but little surprised to find her Oliver lying stiff and stark on the nuptial couch—apparently dead. A doctor having declared him technically so, the undertakers called, duly measured him for his coffin and laid him out. Meanwhile Margaret wept and the next-door lodger, one Simoneau, called in to console her. All this time poor Oliver lay in a cataleptic trance, unable to budge, though fully conscious—conscious of Simoneau, conscious of his wife, conscious of being laid out in his Sunday clothes, conscious of being fitted into the coffin, conscious of everything—worst of all, conscious of the fact that he was conscious and could not say so.

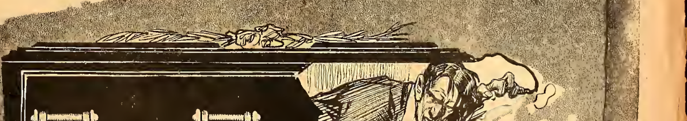
Mrs. James Waters, Who Revived on the Embalming Table.

However, they took him to the cemetery and buried him. Poor Oliver, conscious to the last, felt himself being covered up, beyond the shadow of a possible doubt. Vaguely, as he lay in the coffin, he began to realize that there was no more hope for him. As the fact took shape in his mind the horror of the whole situation broke upon his sleeping brain, sharply awakened him to active consciousness, and he issued from his trance. After a vain attempt to collect his senses his mind gave away. How long he raved and shrieked and cursed and prayed and called upon a deaf world to save him he could not afterward say. At any rate, his mind returned and he set himself to thinking how he could escape from his terrible plight. The coffin was a roomy one, loosely put together, though solid and capable of a strong resistance. Hour after hour he passed in trying the strength of the panels, feeling the sides, pushing out a knot he had found in the wood. Once, as he touched the left side of the lid, he was sharply pricked in the finger. It was a badly driven nail, the head of which was embedded in the panel, leaving the body loose inside. Fully five inches long, it might prove an instrument of mercy, if he could only get it free. It was a dim ray of hope—but still hope.

After heroic efforts, during which he braced himself to the endeavor by drinking his own blood, he at last succeeded in pulling the nail through. With its point he worked lengthwise a fissure in the coffin's lid, his intention being to burst the panel when he had completed his operation, then fill the coffin with the loose earth above, so as to allow a sufficient opening for him to escape. Finally he burst the panel, the lid splitting from head to foot. As yet, however, he had raised the lead of earth but very slightly, and in order to get better leverage he extended his body to the full, the soles of his feet pressed against the bottom of the coffin. As he made his supreme effort the small panel at his head gave way. Oliver felt the outer air playing on his limbs as a wall of clay swept away before the footpiece. He was saved. Economy in ground space necessitates extreme closeness of graves, one to another, in Paris cemeteries. Oliver had been buried in a grave at the head of which a vacant one had been dug. Through the narrow partition of earth lying between he made his escape in the dead of night. Again, after wandering vaguely through the city, he lost his reason and was eventually found unconscious by a kindly doctor, who cared for him during six months.

His health fully recovered, he paid a visit to the old home where he had lived with Margaret. She had gone with Simoneau. Philosophically enough, he resolved to remain "dead," and Margaret never learned of his return to the land of the living.

The Timely Revival of Mme. Pessat.



LINCOLN

One Hundredth Anniversary of the Martyr President's Birth, and Memorials of the Tragedy That Closed His Remarkable Life---

Graphic Narrative by John H. Surratt, Whose Mother Was Hanged for Complicity in the Assassination---Booth's Saddle---The Lincoln Memorial in Kentucky---A. J. Conant, Who Painted Lincoln's Portrait, Tells the Sunday World of His Meetings and Impressions.

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASH. D.C.

Lincoln's Death Mask.

JOHN H SURRATT, intimate friend of John Wilkes Booth and son of the Mrs Surratt who was hanged for alleged complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, once prepared a manuscript graphically setting forth his personal knowledge of that affair. Probably no bit of more intimate information relative to the events that led up to the nation's greatest tragedy has ever been written.

The manuscript was read by Surratt himself in 1870 to a rural audience gathered in the old court-house of Rockville, a small Maryland town, twenty miles out of Washington. Surratt, a former Confederate spy, suspected of being an accomplice of Booth, long a fugitive, who outwitted the secret service and the private detectives who were eager to gain the large reward placed on his head, had finally stood trial and had been acquitted. Broken in body, spirit and purse, he had taken to school teaching as a means of livelihood.

Recently this time-yellowed manuscript has been dug from the ancient files of the village records and is here reproduced.

PHOTO BY FREDERICK B. HYDE

1 The Derringer Pistol with Which Booth Shot Lincoln
2 The Bullet That Entered Lincoln's Skull and Killed Him.
3 Cap Booth Had in Case the One on the Pistol Failed
4. Pieces of Lincoln's Skull Removed by the Doctors the Night He Died
5 Probe Used to Explore the Wound in Lincoln's Head.

By John H. Surratt.

AT the breaking out of the war I was a student at St. Charles College in Maryland, but did not remain long there after that important event. I left in July, 1861, and, returning home, commenced to take an active part in the stirring events of that period. I was not more than eighteen years of age, and was mostly engaged in sending information regarding the movements of the United States troops stationed in Washington and elsewhere, and carrying despatches to Confederate boats on the Potomac.

We had a regular established line from Washington to the Potomac, and being the only unmarried man on the route I had most of the hard riding to do. I devised various ways to carry the despatches—sometimes in the heel of my boot, sometimes between the planks of the buggy.

In the fall of 1864 I was introduced to John Wilkes Booth, who, I was given to understand, wished to know something about the main avenue leading from Washington to the Potomac. We met several times, but as he seemed to be very reticent with regard to his purposes and very anxious to get all the information out of me he could, I refused to tell him anything at all.

At last I said to him: "It is useless for you, Mr. Booth, to seek any information from me; I know who you are and what are your intentions."

He hesitated some time but finally said he would make known his views to me provided I would promise secrecy. I replied, "I will do nothing of the kind. You know well I am a Southern man. If you cannot trust me we will separate."

He then said: "I will confide my plans to you, but before doing so I will make known to you the motives that actuate me. In the Northern prisons are many thousands of our men whom the United States Government refused to exchange. You know as well as I the efforts that have been made to bring about the desired exchange. Aside from the great suffering they are compelled to undergo, we are sadly in want of them as soldiers. We cannot spare one man, whereas the United States Government is willing to let its own soldiers remain in our prisons because she has no need for them. I have a proposition to submit to you which I think if we can carry out would bring about the desired exchange."

There was a long and ominous silence which I at last was compelled to break by asking, "Well, sir, what is your proposition?" He sat quiet for an instant and then, before answering me, arose and looked under the bed, into the wardrobe, in the doorway and in the passageway, and then said, "We will have to be careful, walls have ears." He then drew his chair close to me and in a whisper said, "It is to kidnap President Lincoln and carry him off to Richmond."

"Kidnap President Lincoln!" I said. I confess that I stood aghast at the proposition, and looked upon it as a foolhardy undertaking. To think of successfully seizing Mr. Lincoln in the capital of the United States, surrounded by thousands of his soldiers, and carrying him off to Richmond looked to me like a foolish idea. I told him as much. He went on to tell with what facility Lincoln could be seized in Washington. He entered into minute details of the proposed capture and of the various parts to be performed by the actors in the performance. I was amazed—thunderstruck—and in fact I might also say frightened at the unparalleled audacity of his scheme.

After two days' reflection I told him I was willing to try it. I was led on by a desire to assist the South in gaining her independence. I had no hesitation in taking part in anything honorable that might tend toward the accomplishment of that object. Such a thing as the assassination of Mr. Lincoln I never heard spoken by any of the parties—never.

Upon one occasion I remember we had called a meeting in Washington for the purpose of discussing matters in general, as we had understood that the Government had received information that there was a plot of some kind on hand. They had even commenced to build a stockade at the Navy Yard bridge gates opening toward the south, as though they expected danger from within and not from without. At this meeting I explained the construction of the gates and that the best thing we could do would be to throw up the whole project. Every one seemed to coincide with my opinion except Booth, who sat silent and abstracted.

At last, arising and bringing down his fist on the table he said: "Well, gentlemen, if the worst comes to the worst, I shall know what to do."

Some hard words and even threats then passed between him and some of the party. Four of us then arose, one saying: "If I understand you to intimate anything more than the capture of Mr. Lincoln, I for one will bid you good bye." Every one expressed the same opinion. We all arose and began putting on our hats. Booth, perceiving probably that he had gone too far, asked pardon, saying that he "had drunk too much champagne." After some difficulty everything was amicably arranged and we separated at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Days, weeks and months passed by without an opportunity presenting itself for us to attempt the capture. We seldom saw one another owing to the many rumors afloat that a conspiracy of some kind was being concocted in Washington.

We had all arrangements perfected. Boats were in readiness to carry us across the river. One day we received information that the President would visit the Second Street Hospital for the purpose of being present at an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. The report only reached us about three-quarters of an hour before the time appointed, but so perfect was our communication that we were instantly in our saddles and on our way to the hospital. It was our intention to seize the carriage, which was drawn by a splendid pair of horses, and to have one of our men mount the box and drive direct for Southern Maryland, via Bennings bridge. To our great disappointment the President was not there. It was certainly a bitter disappointment, but yet, I think, a most fortunate one for us. It was our last attempt.

Soon after this we became convinced that we could not remain much longer undiscovered and that we must abandon our enterprise. Accordingly a separation finally took place, and I was on my way from Richmond to Canada on business of quite a different nature.

Shortly after our abandonment of the abduction scheme I went to Richmond, where Mr. Benjamin, the then Secretary of War of the Confederate States, gave me some despatches to carry to Canada for him and $200 in gold with which to pay my way.

I left Richmond Saturday morning before the evacuation of that place and reached Washington the following Monday at 4 P. M., April 3, 1865.

On an early train the next morning, April 4, 1865, I left for New York, and that was the last time I ever saw Washington until brought there by the United States Government a captive in irons, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

The United States, as you will remember, tried to prove my presence in Washington on April 15, the day on which Mr Lincoln met his death. Upon arriving in New York I called at Booth's house and was told by the servant that he had left that morning suddenly for Boston to fulfil an engagement at the theatre. In the evening of the same day I took the cars for Montreal, arriving there the next day. I put up at the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel, registering myself as "John Harrison," such being my two first names. Shortly afterward I saw Gen. Edward G. Lee, to whom the despatches were directed, and delivered them to him. They were only accounts of some money transactions, nothing more nor less.

A week or so after my arrival there Gen Lee came to my room and told me he had a plan on foot to release the Confederate prisoners then in Elmira, N. Y.

In accordance with Gen Lee's order I went to Elmira, arriving there on Wednesday, two days before Mr. Lincoln's death, and registered at the Brainard House as usual as "John Harrison." The following day I went to work and made a complete sketch of the prison and surroundings. About 10 o'clock Friday night I retired, little thinking that on that night a blow would be struck which would forever blast my hopes and make me a wanderer in a foreign land.

I slept the night through and came down the next morning, little dreaming of the storm then brewing around my head. When I took my seat at the table about 9 o'clock a gentleman at my left remarked, "Have you heard the news?" "No, I have not," I replied, "What is it?" "Why, President Lincoln and Secretary Seward have been assassinated." I really put so little faith in what the man said that I made a remark that it was too early in the morning to get off such jokes as that. "It's so," he said, at the same time drawing out a paper and showing it to me. Sure enough, there I saw an account of what he told me, but as no names were mentioned it never occurred to me for an instant that it could have been Booth or any of the parties to our conspiracy for the simple reason that I had never heard anything regarding assassination spoken during my intercourse with them.

I had good reason to believe that there was another conspiracy afloat in Washington: in fact, we all knew it. I approached the telegraph office in the main hall of the hotel for the purpose of ascertaining if J. Wilkes Booth was in New York. I picked up a blank and wrote "John Wilkes Booth," giving the number of the house. I hesitated a moment, and then tore the paper up and wrote a despatch as follows:

"J. W. B. in New York—If you are in New York telegraph me. (Signed) John Harrison, Elmira, N. Y." The operator, after looking over it, said: "Is it J. W. B.?" to which I replied "Yes." He evidently wanted the whole name, and had scarcely finished telegraphing when a door right near the office was pushed open and I heard some one say: 'Yes, there are three or four brothers of them—John, Junius Brutus, Edwin and J. Wilkes Booth.'" The whole truth flashed on me in an instant and I said to myself, "My God! What have I done?"

The despatch was still lying before me, and I reached over and picked it up for the purpose of destroying it, but the operator stretched forth his hand and said, "We must file all telegrams." My first impulse was to tear it up, but I pitched it back and walked off. The town was in the greatest uproar, flags at half-mast, bells tolling, and so forth. Still I did not think that I was in danger and determined to go immediately to Baltimore to find out the particulars of the tragedy.

I left Elmira with the intention of going to Baltimore. I really did not comprehend the danger I was in. As there was no train going south that evening I concluded to go to Canandaigua, and from there to Baltimore by way of New York.

On Monday, when I was leaving Canandaigua, I bought some New York papers. In looking over them my eye fell upon a paragraph which I never forgot and don't think I ever will. It ran thus: "The assassin of Secretary Seward is said to be John H. Surratt, a notorious secessionist of Southern Maryland. His name, with that of John Wilkes Booth, will forever head the infamous roll of assassins."

I could scarcely believe my senses. I gazed upon my name, the letters of which seemed to grow as large as mountains and then to dwindle away to nothing. So much for my former connection with him, I thought. After fully realizing the state of the case I concluded to change my course and go direct to Canada. I left Canandaigua on Monday at noon. When I stepped on the platform at the depot at St Albans on Tuesday I noticed that one of the detectives scanned every one head and foot, myself as well as the rest.

One of the detectives approached me, stared me directly in the face, and I looked him quietly back. In a few moments I was speeding on my way to Montreal, where I arrived at 2 o'clock that afternoon. There I called on a friend, to whom I explained my former connection with Booth and told him I was afraid the United States Government would suspect me of complicity in the assassination. He advised me to make myself scarce.

When my friend's tea time came I would not go to the table with him, but remained in my room. The ladies wanted to know why he did not bring his friend to tea with him. He replied that I did not want any tea. One of the ladies replied, "I expect you have got Booth in there." "Perhaps so," he answered, laughingly. One night about 11 o'clock my friend in whose house I was came to me and said, in smiling way, "The detectives have offered me $20,000 if I will tell them where you are." "Very well," said I, "give me one-half and let them know."

They suspected this gentleman of protecting me, and they really made him the offer. One day about [illegible] o'clock I was told that they were going to search the house and that I must leave at once, which I did. They searched it before morning. I remained with this gentleman until I left Montreal, a week or so afterward.

The detectives were now hunting me very closely, but I left Montreal in a hack, going some eight or nine miles down the St. Lawrence River and crossing the stream in a small canoe, attired as a hunter.

It has been asserted over and over again for the purpose of damning me in the estimation of every honest man that I deserted her who gave me birth in the darkest hour of her need. Truly would I have merited the execration of every man had such been the case. But such was not the case. When I left Montreal there was no cause for uneasiness on my part, and upon my arrival in the country I wrote to my friends to keep me posted in regard to the approaching trial and to send me the papers regularly. Things continued in this way for some time until I could stand the suspense no longer. I determined to send a messenger to Washington and secured the services of an intelligent, educated gentleman. I started him off immediately, paying all the expenses. I gave him a letter to a friend of mine in Washington with instructions to tell him [illegible] put himself in communication with counsel for the defense and to make a correct report to me as to how the case stood.

When he returned so bright and cheerful was his countenance that I confess half my fears were dispelled. He represented everything as progressing well, and brought me this message from the gentleman in Washington to whom I had sent him: "Be under no apprehension as to any serious consequences. Remain perfectly quiet, as any action on your part would only tend to make matters [illegible]. If you can be of any service to us we will let you know. But keep quiet."

These were the instructions I received from my friend in Washington, in whom I felt the utmost reliance, and who, I thought, would never deceive me.

Just on the eve of my departure to join a party of gentlemen on a hunting excursion, while I was waiting at the hotel for the train, the proprietor handed me a paper and said, 'Read that about the conspirators.' Little did the man know who I was or how closely that paragraph bore upon me or mine.

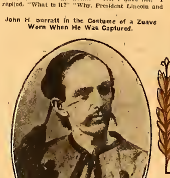
That paper informed me that on the day which was then present, and at an hour which then had come and gone, the most hellish of deeds was to be enacted. It had been determined upon and carried out even before I had information that there was any danger.

After gazing at the paper for some time I dropped it upon the floor, turning on my heel and going directly to the house where I had been staying. When I entered the room I found my friend sitting there. As soon as he saw me he turned deadly pale. I said: "You doubtless thought you were acting the part of a friend toward me, but you have deceived me. I forgive you, but I can never forget it." "We all thought it for the best, Charlie," he said, but I did not stay to hear more. I went to my room, remained there until dark, and then left the place immediately. I felt reckless as to what should become of me.

After visiting Quebec and other places with a reward of $25,000 hanging over my head, I did not think it safe to remain there, and so I concluded to seek an asylum in foreign lands. I had nothing now to bind me to this country save an only sister and I knew she would never want for kind friends or a good home. For myself it mattered little where I went so I could roam once more a free man. I then went on a venture, and now I go forth again on a venture. Gladly would I have remained hidden among the multitude, but the stern necessities arising from the blasting of my earthly prospects force me to leave my solitude and to stand again before the public gaze as the historian of my own life.

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASH. D.C.

Collection of Lincoln Relics in the House in Which He Died in Washington.



John H Surratt in the Costume of a Zuave Worn When He Was Captured.

John Wilkes Booth.

Log Cabin Near Hodgenville, Ky, Where Lincoln Was Born.

THE SADDLE OF THE ASSASSIN BOOTH.

By Lindsay G. Roach

SOME fifteen years ago the writer visited the hospitable home of Major E S Ruggles, Friedland, in King George County, Va., to shoot quail. The horses were brought around to the door by an aged colored man.

"You will ride this one," said the Major, pointing to the bigger horse of the two, which stood equipped with a dilapidated saddle and stirrups that hardly seemed able to bear my weight, in sharp contrast to the well appointed trappings of his own mount.

"Major," said I, "this is about the limit in saddles."

"Do you know," he replied, "that is the saddle ridden by Wilkes Booth after he killed President Lincoln, in his escape across the Rappahannock River, and to Garrett's barn, where he was killed?

"My brother, Capt. M. B. Ruggles, with Lieut. A. R. Bainbridge, Sergt. William Jett and myself, the Confederate Army having been disbanded, had made our way to Friedland, where we were waiting for our paroles. We mounted our horses that morning and rode to Port Conway on the Rappahannock. While waiting for Peyton Washington, the ferryman, to come across the river, William Lucas, a colored man, drove up with his wagon, in which were Booth and Harold.

"The latter left the wagon and, approaching the party, told them that his comrade was wounded and anxious to cross the river. He said that Booth had been wounded in escaping from Fort McHenry, was a Confederate soldier, and asked their aid.

"Capt. Ruggles said he would be glad to aid him and as Booth was wounded he could ride his horse. Dropping back upon his crutch Booth drew his revolver and said:

"'I killed Abraham Lincoln, and the papers I have seen offer $175,000 reward for my capture. Will you take it?'

"'We know nothing about your act, but we promised to take you across the river, and you can ride my horse,' said Ruggles.

"'God bless you,' answered Booth.

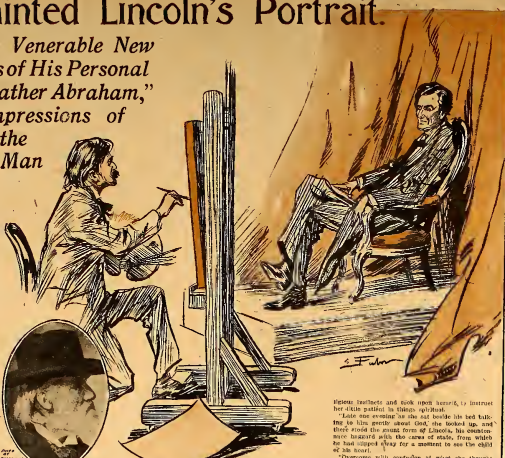
"As he was wholly unable to walk he was placed upon Ruggles's horse, and the party crossed the river.

"The saddle you ride to-day is the same that was ridden by Booth when we helped him across the river at Port Royal."

Saddle Used by John Wilkes Booth.

When I Painted Lincoln's Portrait.

A. J. Conant, the Venerable New York Artist, Talks of His Personal Meetings with "Father Abraham," and of His Impressions of the Man



A. J. Conant.

IN New York's quaint old Tenth street studios, where nestle so many traditions of a bygone America, there lives, in his eighty-eighth year, the only survivor of all those to whom Lincoln sat for his portrait. A pupil both of Inman and of Sully, and himself a portrait painter of distinction, Alban Jasper Conant can count more of his sitters among the great men of the past generation than can any artist now alive. Major Anderson, hero of Fort Sumter; Henry Ward Beecher, Andrew McCosh—of these and of many more equally prominent he retains a wealth of personal reminiscences. But he loves best to talk of Lincoln.

He was found at work, hale and hearty, in his studio adjoining that of John La Farge. Questioned about his acquaintance with Lincoln, Mr. Conant responded with enthusiasm, in a vigorous voice that might well be the envy of many a present-day public speaker.

"Our latest and most discursive occupant of the White House, influenced by an admitted fondness for 'Pilgrim's Progress,' has just characterized Lincoln as the Great Heart of public life.' But, to my mind, no mere allegorical or imaginary character can furnish a fit analogy to Abraham Lincoln. Were I inclined to compare him with any personality in sacred literature, I should not stop short of the Son of Man himself. That 'he was tempted in all points like as we are,' yet without ever being swerved from his personal conviction of the right, seems to me more peculiarly applicable to Lincoln than to any other man.

"But to me Lincoln was a living personality from the moment I first saw him till, under arms, I followed his body to the grave. And he has remained a living personality ever since, so much so that I have never read one word of the many biographies and reminiscences published about him. The conception of his character which lives in my memory so far transcends the mere details of his life that I have never been tempted to disturb it by curiosity to learn mere things about him. What I saw and what I learned of him from the events through which some of us passed with him call for nothing more to complete the picture.

"That conception was a slow and reluctant growth with me, for when I first met him I harbored political prejudices against him which it took years to overcome. It was as, when traveling across the plains, one catches sight of a distant mountain. At first it appears no more than a thin blue line. But as you draw nearer it towers higher and higher above you; its mighty peaks and massive rocks and riven gorges stand out, one by one, defying the eye to take them all in at a glance amid the wealth of arborescent vegetation that covers the whole, like 'the forests of God,' as Ruskin calls them. Yes, his character had the immovable grandeur of the mountains, draped with sweet, succulent human growths that take root only in those of whom 'Nature could stand up and say, "This was a man."'

"His was a wonderfully mellow, juicy nature. He was always affable; I never saw him manifest an instant's irritation and I believe none is recorded of him. His humanity was the broadest, the deepest, the tenderest I have ever observed, and the sincere sympathy of all his social relations very nearly approached the divine. Add to this his wonderfully strong perceptive and reflective faculties, and he might have been a great artist, in literature or otherwise, save that he lacked the poetic temperament.

"He was too level-headed for that. There was no bulge anywhere in his character. Imagination he had, but imagination always in equilibrium. Nothing could shake the serene solidity of his judgment. He might have said with Saint Paul, 'This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind,' for there was no hint of the tangential in any of his courses of thought or action. Self-contained, self-possessed, he could never be thrown off the track. If he paused, it was but to return to the matter which engaged his mind.

"Had not such been Lincoln he would never have come through the tribulations, beating upon him like flails, particularly during his first year as President, when 'unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster.' Yet neither I nor the others who were in Washington that winter ever saw the calm of his demeanor perturbed. At that time he used to relieve his mind by reading Petroleum V. Nasby's 'Letters from Confederate Crossroads' and Artemus Ward's 'Wax Works.' I think nothing indicates his greatness more strikingly than that, and the way he invariably met and answered the advisers who gathered thick as flies about him, a few proffering well-meant counsel, most of them bringing officious criticism to one who, they thought, was not big enough for the task that confronted him.

"An instance will make clear my meaning. Just after Cameron had resigned as Secretary of War a notable personage from Connecticut came to reassure Lincoln that the country was with him in getting rid of Cameron, and to say that it would still further stand behind him in any effort to fill several other Cabinet portfolios with more efficient men. After the visitor had dilated sufficiently on the idea, specifying the names of those he had marked for removal, Lincoln replied by telling this story.

"'Back in Sangamon County, Ill.,' he said, 'there was a man with three sons, and they decided to move over into Kentucky and settle. They had wagons, and guns, and dogs, and topboots—all the accoutrements of the pioneer.

"'While they were getting to rights in their new home they became aware that the entire county was terribly infested with skunks. So the father called his sons about him and said, "Boys, I've been thinking it would be a pretty easy job for us to rid this county of these skunks, and as we are newcomers it will give us prestige in the community and be a good thing all around. All we have to do is to turn loose the dogs, drive the skunks into their holes, and then dig them out, one at a time, and kill them."

"'The boys agreed, and, after much barking and running about, the dogs finally succeeded in driving seven skunks into their holes. (There were seven officers in Lincoln's Cabinet.) They then proceeded to dig out the first skunk, and after a good deal of trouble managed to accomplish the task—but with such unfortunate results for all concerned that the father said: "Boys, I don't believe it will pay us to go any further in this business. I guess we'd better just drop it right where it stands."'

"Some cannot yet see anything but vulgarity in Lincoln's constant story-telling, to which he resorted even in the face of 'enterprises of great pith and moment.' But it was his manner of summing up just such situations in the way they presented themselves most vividly to his intelligence. He did not strive to do this by amassing labored phrases and illustrations that were foreign to his mind. He came from the soil and he used the allegories of the soil—as unmistakable an evidence of the noble simplicity of his character as is the unadorned phraseology of his Gettysburg speech and of everything else he ever said or wrote.

"In my own mind I am fond of setting over against his story-telling, not the fact that I saw him walking to church every Sunday morning that winter, gravely greeting those he met, but rather an incident that occurred at the bedside of his dying boy.

"Willie Lincoln was a sweet-tempered, quiet child, and used often to restrain the vagaries of his more wayward brother Tad. I saw him once trying to keep Tad from going near the edge of a fountain in Washington. When all efforts proved vain I heard him say, 'Well, go on and get right in and duck yourself if you want to.' This had the desired effect, for, his brother's opposition removed, Tad desisted.

"During one of the most critical periods of the winter Willie was stricken with scarlet fever, and a trained nurse was procured from the military hospital to attend him. She was a woman of deep religious instincts and took upon herself to instruct her little patient in things spiritual.

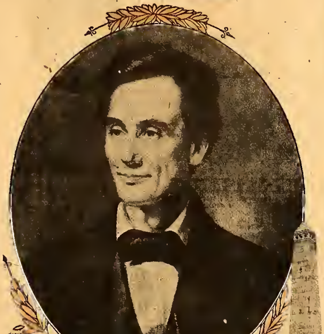
"Late one evening as she sat beside his bed talking to him gently about God, she looked up, and there stood the gaunt form of Lincoln, his countenance haggard with the cares of state, from which he had slipped away for a moment to see the child of his heart.

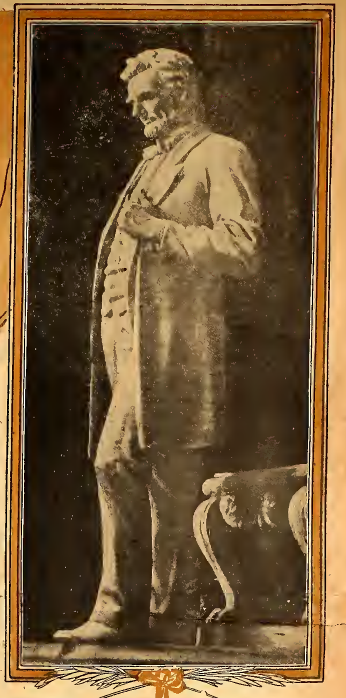
"Overcome with confusion at what she thought the President must regard as presumption, the nurse began an apology. 'You did entirely right,' interrupted Lincoln, 'and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.'"

As Mr. Conant talked of his acquaintance with Lincoln during the sittings for the portrait he painted and later in Washington, and of his many conversations with men who had been in close personal touch with Lincoln, one was impressed with the many points of view from which it has been the privilege of the venerable artist to learn of the great Liberator. But he is wont to sum it all up in this wise, as he did at the close of the interview.

"He was not the many-sided Lincoln. His character had few facets, some of them not highly polished. But those few were enough to form a jewel of surpassing greatness, whose light has shone all over the world. The simple story of his life has been translated into many languages, and through the integrity of his character 'they that sat in darkness have seen a great light,' which has become one of the most potent forces for human liberty that the nineteenth century gave to the world.

Photograph of the Portrait of Lincoln Painted by Conant.





St. Gaudens's Statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

CONJOINTLY with the various memorials dedicated and projects inaugurated in Washington, New York and elsewhere to mark the centennial anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, a plan has been adopted for enshrining the memory of the great martyr President at his birthplace after a manner that has no counterpart in ancient or modern times. This memorial will be no gorgeous pantheon, no splendid tomb—only the log cabin in which he was born and which will be sheltered by a more or less ungarnished building of Tennessee marble, erected on the spot where the parents of Lincoln lived, in the first decade of the nineteenth century, near Hodgenville, Kentucky.

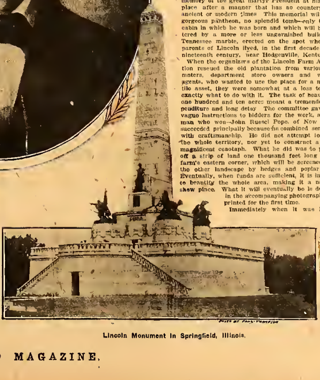
When the organizers of the Lincoln Farm Association rescued the old plantation from various promoters, department store owners and whiskey agents, who wanted to use the place for a mercantile asset, they were somewhat at a loss to know exactly what to do with it. The task of beautifying one hundred and ten acres meant a tremendous expenditure and long delay. The committee gave very vague instructions to bidders for the work, and the man who won—John Russel Pope, of New York—succeeded principally because he combined sentiment with craftsmanship. He did not attempt to adorn the whole territory, nor yet to construct a single magnificent cenotaph. What he did was to portion off a strip of land one thousand feet long at the farm's eastern corner, which will be screened from the other landscape by hedges and poplar trees. Eventually, when funds are sufficient, it is intended to beautify the whole area, making it a national show place. What it will eventually be is depicted in the accompanying photograph, now printed for the first time.

Immediately when it was known what the Lincoln Farm Association intended to accomplish American citizens, high and low, hastened to express their approval.

The Board of Trustees of the Lincoln Farm Memorial is as follows: Joseph W. Folk, President; Clarence H. Mackay, Treasurer; Richard Lloyd Jones, Secretary, Robert J. Collier, Chairman of the Executive Committee; Frederick R. Pierce, Assistant Treasurer and General Manager; Horace Porter, William Travers Jerome, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Charles A. Towne, Edward M. Shepard, Lyman J. Gage, Ida M. Tarbell, Norman Hapgood, Joseph H. Choate, Henry Watterson, Samuel Gompers, William H. Taft, August Belmont, Samuel L. Clemens, Cardinal Gibbons, Albert Shaw, Thomas Hastings, Oscar S. Straus.

House in Which Lincoln Died.

Proposed Memorial Building Inclosing the Lincoln Cabin Relics.



Lincoln Monument in Springfield, Illinois.

Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie's Statue of Lincoln in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

"PROHIBITION SOMEHOW DOESN'T SEEM TO PROHIBIT HUMAN NATURE" SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

By Irvin S. Cobb.

THE EVENING WORLD'S HUMORIST.

"He gives the required cabalistic signal—three knocks on the door and one on the Prohibitionists—and pushes four bits through a crack. And at that a mysterious hand extends to him a flat flask of the genuine old warranted Spinal Meningitis."

"Why, when you were a boy, did you run the risk of being seasoned with a load of salt in order to hook a stomach full of green peaches?"

"I SEE they're havin' a lot of trouble enforcin' them new prohibition laws down South," said the House Detective of the So Reckless.

"Quite, yes," said the Hotel Clerk—"quite yes, Larry. That's one of the disappointing features about a prohibition law. It's so easy to pass that people get the habit and keep right on passing it after it's passed. I see where the Governor of Georgia, the same one that used to run a neat little bar of his own in that hotel of his down at Atlanta, has worked himself up into a free lather because our old fraternity brother, Col. J. Demon Rum, found a few refuges wherein to lay his head in some of the large towns. Once he gave a hard-boiled egg with everything smaller than a schooner, and had a lovely fountain playing in the middle of the floor with a piece of statuary in the centre of it entitled "Venus Rising from a Turkish Bath," done by an artist that never learned to sculp a lady's clothes. But now he feels very keenly about this thing, and he talks of calling out the State troops to enforce the law at the point of the bayonet. Well, in an issue like that, with the point arraigned against the pint, I know where my money will be. Those noble young Rube militiamen from Jeff Davis County and Bob Toombs County and other counties with the full Christian names will certainly have their work cut out for them, from what I can hear.

"A chap who was in here yesterday told me that when he was down to the Savannah auto races in the fall he went up to a policeman as soon as he got off the train and asked him in a whisper to please direct him to some place where he might hurl a clandestine high ball into his travel-stained interior. With true Southern courtesy the officer walked him six blocks down one of the main streets and showed him a large stone building that looked like it might be a Carnegie library or a county jail.

"'You see that building yonder?' said the policeman.

"'I do,' said the visitor from the North, moistening his lips.

"'Well,' says the kind-faced cop, 'that's the only public place in this town that I know of where you can't get a drink. Sir, in the sacred name of Southern hospitality I bid you welcome to our city.'

"And the chap that was telling me about it said when he got back to the hotel he was lit up like an all-night drug store; and at 3 o'clock in the morning the clerk sent a bellhoy up and asked him wouldn't he please stop cheering for Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy so the other guests on his floor could sleep.

"So I gather, Larry, that even though the Great American Desert has moved eastward and is now central over Alabama, as the Weather Bureau would say, and even though Prohibition, in snowy milk-toast clad, has descended upon the Sunny Southland, covering same from the Ohio to the Gulf, with the exception of a few openly moist spots called oases in Kentucky and Louisiana, still I wouldn't go so far as to say that all hope is dead. I don't believe there'll be any real danger of the parched wayfarer dying of thirst in arid Dixie this spring. Take it from me, Southern hospitality will positively refuse to be buried back of the henhouse, with simple, informal rights, at the behest of sumptuary legislation that fails to sumpt, or any other behester whatsoever. It may be necessary in some localities for your host to take you into the umbrella closet under the hall stairs and turn out the light before he extends to you the compliments of the season, but he'll be there with the said compliments if he has to keep 'em in a fire-extinguisher. Already they tell me of a delightful temperance mixture called 'The Rebel Yell' that you can find at the soda fountains of any dry town down there that's guaranteed to cause the most hardened nature to lean up against something and begin quoting Sidney Lanier's poems after the third treatment, or your money cheerfully refunded. Take four of them and you sing 'Bonnie Blue Flag' by the hour.

"Here's the way the thing works, Larry: The Prohibition forces organize under the leadership of a few ladies and gentlemen who know all about the curse of drink because they never drank anything themselves. It stands to reason that a horse doctor would know better how to treat a horse if he'd had the same disease that a horse has, but with a Prohibitionist it's different. For his purposes hearsay evidence is amply sufficient, providing it's good and vivid, and backed up with a few illuminated charts from a Boston publishing house showing green snakes with forked tongues wrapped around black bottles, and drunkards' stomachs in four colors. So he organizes a large number of motherly old ladies and a lot of children under twelve years of age, all of whom pledge themselves never again to indulge to excess in intoxicants, and then they begin to hold public meetings and have parades and vote to wipe out Rum.

"That's another thing I've noticed about the Prohibitionist, Larry, that he always calls it by the short, harsh name of just Rum. The chap who's been there refers to his favorite family remedy for what ails him by some affectionate pet name, or else he knows the common trade names, such as even the most ignoble barkeep can understand. But the earnest temperance advocate with the infuriated Adam's apple and the shell-like ears, who never drank anything stronger than coffee with the waiter's thumb in it, always speaks of it as Rum, with the hard sound of the 'U,' as in 'Bum,' and that same goes for everything from dear old Stewruba, only forty per cent. alcohol, and much beloved in dry communities, on up to lemonade, with a refined pink spike of sherry in it, and thence right straight along the brass rail to that delicious brew which a Polack coal miner makes out of molasses and crude oil and wood alcohol, with a pair of old gum boots stirred in to give the desired bouquet, and drinks it and then goes home and beats his wife.

"Well, anyway, they start in to wipe out Rum and pretty soon it's done wope. Shortly thereafter Mr. Euclid I. Ladyfinger, on his way home of an evening, decides to take a cocktail before dinner. He's not what you'd call a hard drinker. He recalls with mingled emotions of abhorrence and remorse the time when he drank too much champagne at the annual banquet of the State Bankers' Convention and how he sang 'The Holy City' to an entirely new air while going home in the cab, and how his lady wife gave him the sad eye of silent reproach the next morning at breakfast. But, as I say, he feels the need of a slight libation, and he drops into a place on the corner with swinging doors and asks for one with a cherry in it.

"A young woman wearing a pair of glasses draped across a severe expression of countenance rises from behind the place where the bar used to be and says they have no such as that any more, but how would he like to have a nice slice of squash pie and a glass of buttermilk?

"'Not for mine,' says Mr. Ladyfinger with a sudden resoluteness. 'I can drink buttermilk or I can leave it alone, especially the last-named. Haven't you anything else of a liquid nature?'

"'Only ink,' she says, 'ink and Hoyt's German cologne. We've put in school supplies and toilet goods as a side line,' she says.

"So Mr. Ladyfinger goes outside and speaks the name of William Tell's younger brother over several times. 'Wat Tell, Bill,' he says, 'Wat Tell. Where do I seem to get off, if at all? If I'd known Local Option was going to be like this I wouldn't have voted for it. What right,' says Mr. Ladyfinger to himself, 'have a lot of old ladies of both sexes to post guard on my face and dictate to me what sort of upholsterings I use for my own interior decorating? I'll show 'em,' says Mr. Ladyfinger. So he inquires of the nearest deputy sheriff the quickest route to the closest blind tiger and he hastens to the edifice sacred to felines thus afflicted and gives the required cabalistic signal—three knocks on the door and one on the Prohibitionists—and pushes four bits through a crack. And at that a mysterious hand extends to him a flat flask of the genuine old warranted Spinal Meningitis. He takes one swallow of it and has all the sensations of a lighted library lamp with a fluted green art shade, and he takes two swallows and falls down in his tracks with the smoke curling out of his ears and his feet in his own lap. Why does he do it? Because they told him he shouldn't.

"We're all that way, Larry, from the cradle to the grave. Why does the young child scale the pantry shelf and gorge himself on match heads and a bottle of shoe polish? Because he loves matches and liquid blacking? Not at all. He does it because his mother warned him to stay out of that closet. Why, when you were a small boy, did you run the risk of being seasoned with a load of salt out of a shotgun, and having some honest Towser make a dental impression of his teeth in the fleshiest part of your boyish person, in order to hook a stomach full of green peaches? You didn't care for green peaches, naturally. They tasted like the Wrath to Come and frequently were. But you took chances on cholera morbus and cramps that doubled you up like a pretzel and you dared the sturdy farmer's rage; and the chief reason for it was a sign on the orchard fence that said 'Trespassing Forbidden.'

"I knew a man once that loved health foods and the likes of that—honest, he did. Personally, I never could understand why a man who could possibly get a few measures of buckwheat cakes and country sausage would want to eat that fine cut chewing and smoking breakfast food, unless 'twas because it saved him the trouble of brushing his teeth with a regular toothbrush of a morning. But this chap I'm telling you about actually seemed to like it for its own sake.

"But one day along came a doctor and looked him over and told him that he regretted to report that his stomach had soured on him and his digestion had acquired an impaired disposition and that all the rest of his life he'd have to cut out heavy ballast and stoke his machinery with light inflammable stuff such as the shredded doll stuffing and the peptonized packing from around the Malaga grapes. Well, that was what he'd been living on all the time, but did he keep right on with it when the doctor told him to? He did not. He embarked on a riotous a la carte life that caused him to fall for the imported Bavarian cheese—you know the kind that should be treated with drainage tubes and absorbent gauze before serving—and for the insidious slip-over, which is a hot mince pie lying in wait for its prey beneath a Welsh rabbit, and things like that. The last time I saw the poor doomed wretch he was sitting down in front of rollmops, which, Larry, is a deadly German imitation of our first Revolutionary pine tree flag, consisting of a dill pickle with a Bismarck herring coiled around the base of it, ready to strike, the motto in each case being 'Do Not Tread on Me' or words to that effect. He was merely proving to the doctor that nobody could dictate to him and get away with it.

"And so it goes, Larry, when you clamp on a prohibition law. As long as the Rum Hole is there with a sign over the door and the doors swinging inward at the lightest touch, you may not visit it once a month, but just let the State Legislature try to shut off the flow and you find yourself becoming a consistent friend and patron of some chaste joint up a back alley, that's run on the light housekeeping plan—never wash the glasses and keep the stock of goods all in the same barrel. You'll not have a very good time, because the company will be mixed and so will you, but you're showing your independence, or you think you are. No, sir, Larry, prohibition will never be a complete success until they learn how to prohibit one very strong failing which most of us seem to suffer from."

"Wot's the name of the failing?" asked the House Detective.

"Human nature," said the Hotel Clerk.

ANSWERS TO MEDICAL QUERIES BY A NEW YORK PHYSICIAN

Rheumatic Shoulder.

I am subject to rheumatism. It usually affects my right shoulder. I have tried a lot of different remedies, but none seems to touch it. Will you please suggest something? JOHN C. W.

The following may be used with good effect: Salicylate of soda, four drams; tincture of nux vomica, two drams, and essence of pepsin enough to make six ounces. The dose for an adult is two teaspoonfuls every two or three hours.

For Bilious Headache.

Will you please tell me what to take for an occasional attack of bilious headache? HENRY C. S.

Take a five-grain blue pill at bed-time and a liberal dose of villacabras or any other good active purgative water an hour before breakfast the next morning.

Laxative for Young Children.

Will you please suggest a good laxative for young children—something simple and safe to use? MRS. M. H.

Phosphate of soda may be used with good effect. From five to ten grains may be given, dissolved in hot water, two or three times a day, as required.

For Torpid Liver.

I have been afflicted with a torpid liver for a long time, have headache, coated tongue and feel tired most of the time, lack ambition, &c. Will you please suggest a remedy? P. H. M.

You might try pills of podophyllin and colocynth. Each pill should consist of one-fourth of a grain of podophyllin and three grains compound extract of colocynth. The dose is one pill at bed-time. Plenty of active exercise in the open air should also benefit you.

For Laryngeal Hoarseness.

Will you please tell me of a good remedy for laryngeal hoarseness? It troubles me whenever I catch cold. CHAS. B.

Get some compound tincture of benzoin, add one teaspoonful to a pint of boiling water and inhale the vapor. This treatment may be repeated every half hour or hour, as required.

Chronic Eczema.

I have been afflicted with chronic eczema for a long time and have used a good many things, but nothing seems to benefit me. Will you kindly suggest something that I can try? GEO. W. B.

An ointment composed of equal parts of tar ointment and zinc salve may be used with good effect. It should be applied twice a day. Rhubarb and soda mixture may be used at the same time with good results. A dessertspoonful should be taken after each meal.

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

ABOUT YOUR LOVE AFFAIRS | ABOUT YOUR HEALTH | ABOUT SPECULATION | ABOUT PARTNERSHIP
ABOUT SALE AND PURCHASE OF PROPERTY | ABOUT BUSINESS | ABOUT JOURNEYS | ABOUT CHILDREN
ABOUT HONOR | ABOUT FAMILY MATTERS | ABOUT MARRIAGE | ABOUT LEGACIES | ABOUT PERPLEXITIES
ABOUT CHANGING YOUR POSITION | ABOUT CHANGING YOUR HOME | ABOUT CHANGING YOUR BUSINESS | ABOUT SICKNESS
ABOUT YOUR LUCKY DAYS | ABOUT YOUR UNLUCKY DAYS | ABOUT WHAT BUSINESS WILL BRING SUCCESS

I WILL TELL YOUR FORTUNE FREE

Shakespeare says, "The stars above us govern our conditions." The Shepherds were guided by a star to the birthplace of our Saviour. The twelve Disciples were each born under a different star. We are each born under a star which guides us. **Do You Know Where Your Star is Guiding You?**

If not, it is very important that you should know, and I can give YOU this knowledge WITHOUT COST. I will send you a horoscope pointing out what the future may have in store for you, warn you against evil influences, what to avoid and what opportunities to take advantage of. The advice and information given will probably assist you in many ways and perhaps mark the turning point in your career and may bring you SUCCESS, HEALTH, HAPPINESS, FAME AND POPULARITY IN BOTH BUSINESS AND SOCIAL LIFE.

The science of Astrology can cover your affairs in such a wonderfully plain manner that your future will be like an open book to you. You can know what to avoid and what to accept to secure what you most desire, whether it be business success, social success, health, success in speculation, marriage, home affairs, etc.

Write me to-day telling me whether you are married or single, telling me the place you were born, also give the date of your birth and year and I will immediately send you FREE an astrological delineation which I believe will contain remarkable and valuable information about yourself.

WRITE IMMEDIATELY and inclose two 2-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing the horoscope and I will send it to you promptly FREE OF CHARGE.

JUST THINK how valuable it would be for you to make your plans for the future weeks—months—or years in advance, and in such a way that you can mould the destinies of events as they occur to you so that YOU will always be MASTER and not the slave. Address: XALTED MYSTIC, NO. 7, 649 West 43d Street, New York City.

FREE FLESH BUILDER

Any Man or Woman Can Now Be Plump and Well Developed

50 Cent Package Free

Just because you are thin and underweight do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Thanks to a new discovery, you can be plump, symmetrical, well developed and vigorous, with the bones covered with good solid flesh, the hollow places filled out and the cheeks and face made plump, full and attractive.

And the beauty of it is, it will not cost you a penny to see whether this treatment will do all this for you or not, as a full-sized 50-cent package will be sent you by mail without charge, if you simply write for it. (See coupon below.)

There is no strenuous exercising required, no drastic diet necessary. All you have to do is to take four times a day a little tablet of Sargol, the new flesh-building principle, then weigh yourself once a week to note the increase as the pounds pile up.

This new treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh, instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil, and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Simply cut out the coupon in this notice and send it with your name and address and 10 cents to pay distribution expenses to the Sargol Company, 143B Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., and you will receive by prompt mail a regular 50-cent package without charge and without incurring any obligations.

COUPON.

This certificate and 10 cents to help defray distribution expenses entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the home treatment which makes thin folks plump and attractive.

The Sargol Co., 143B Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

ARE YOU TOO THIN?

Would a little more flesh make you more stylish and attractive?

Would 10 or 20 pounds more make you better satisfied with your personal appearance?

Would your gowns look better and please you and others more if you were a little stouter?

If so, do you believe any one can give you the additional flesh that you desire?

I PROVE IT FREE

If you write me to-day I will send you promptly sufficient Dr. Whitney's Nerve and Flesh Builder to prove that it will give you a superb figure, with beautiful arms, shapely neck and shoulders, full round bust and well developed limbs, not for the time being, but permanently.

There will not be a penny of charge for this; my experience proves that I can well afford to take all the risk in proving what this Treatment will do.

This is a purely vegetable compound and cannot possibly do you any harm, but is always of great benefit to the general health.

It will positively enlarge the bust from 2 to 6 inches and give a healthy tint to the complexion; the Free Trial Treatment proves this.

Don't delay, write to-day to The C. L. JONES CO., 76B Friend Bldg., Elmira, N. Y., because if this generous offer overcrowds us it will have to be withdrawn.

Our Agents Make $5 to $20 a Day Easily

A Lifetime Income.

Marvel Self-Working Washer.

No More Hard Work.

YOUR BUST Developed Six Inches FREE

Dept. A10, 79 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Drunkards Cured Secretly

FREE

A MODERN MIRACLE.

Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 3727 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and you will receive by return mail a free trial package of Dr. Haines' Golden Remedy that will prove that it will cure drunkenness in any form. It is odorless and tasteless; you can give it in tea, coffee or food. The drunkard will stop drinking without knowing why. You will also get books and testimonials to prove how hundreds have been saved.

THAT BUNION CAN BE CURED

Let us prove it to you FREE on your own bunion. Send us your name and a 2c stamp and we will mail you a trial treatment of our ANTI-BUNION PLASTERS FREE. This will prove, in the unmistakable language of results, that what we say is so.

So-called shields, pads, etc., will never cure you. They tend to make the bunion bigger and more tender thereby increasing instead of decreasing the deformity. Our ANTI-BUNION PLASTER works on a different principle. It does not merely protect the bunion—it does not merely afford temporary relief—it completely removes the bunion and that for good.

Our Anti-Bunion Plaster first and almost instantly takes away all the pain and soreness. Then it dissolves the enlarged growth, and the final result is a natural shaped, normal foot, such as you were intended by nature to have. All this is done painlessly, harmlessly and without the slightest inconvenience. You do not have to wear shoes two or three sizes too large while using the plaster.

FOOT REMEDY COMPANY, 608 West 26th Street, Chicago, Ill.

CATARRH MEDICINE FREE

FITS

Dr. F. E. Grant, Kansas City, Mo.

NO MORE WRINKLES

SCRANTON WOMAN MAKES REMARKABLE DISCOVERY THAT PROVES TO BE A GREAT AID TO BEAUTY.

Broad Minded and Liberal, She Offers to Give Particulars to All Who Write, Absolutely Free.

Della Ellison, of Scranton, Pa., seems to be the woman whose name shall go down in history as the discoverer of the true secret of beauty. For centuries past women have realized that wrinkles not only made them look much older than they were, but were also the destroyer of their beauty, and with ceaseless efforts they have sought to stay the hand of time, which robbed them of this most valuable charm.

Knowing that the homely woman with deep lines and furrows must fight an unequal battle with her younger and better looking sister, many resorted to annoying and even dangerous experiments trying to regain their former youthful appearance. This new discovery, however, will do away with all these rash measures, as the treatment is harmless and simple. It is said that, aside from banishing wrinkles in from one to three nights, it is a great aid to beauty, making the skin soft and velvety and beautifying the complexion. Many who have followed Miss Ellison's advice look from five to twenty years younger, and, judging by the number of replies she is receiving daily, people are not slow at taking advantage of her generous offer.

It comes as a surprise that the discovery should be made by a modest little woman in Scranton when large cities are full of beauty doctors and specialists who have sought in vain for a treatment that would turn back the clock of time and place the imprint of youth on the fast-fleeting footsteps of age, but far more surprising is the fact that she is to remain where she is.

In speaking of the discovery she said: "Yes, I know there would be many advantages in my going to some of the larger cities, but I have made arrangements to give particulars of my treatment Free to all who write me, so that the women in every city and town may have [illegible]

DELLA ELLISON, 397 Burr Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

Be A DOCTOR of Mechano-Therapy

$3000 to $5000 A YEAR

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MECHANO-THERAPY

ASTHMA AND CATARRH

FREE TEST TREATMENT

MORPHINE

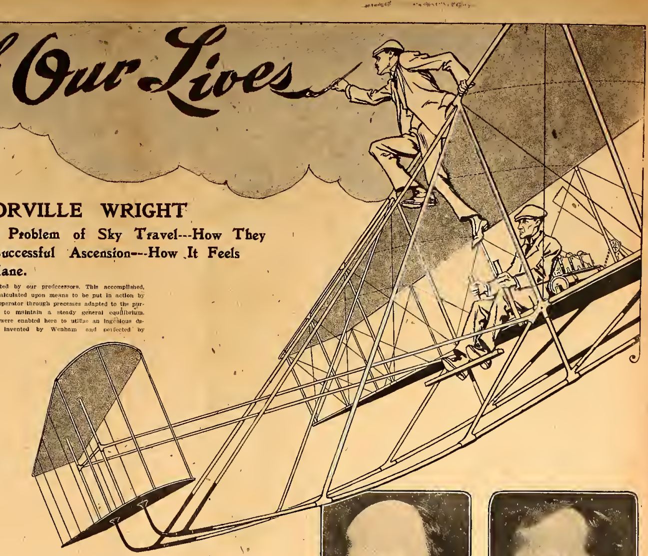
FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

12 POST CARDS FREE

OPIUM

YOUR FUTURE TOLD

The Story of Our Lives



By WILBUR and ORVILLE WRIGHT

How These Two Intrepid Americans Studied the Problem of Sky Travel---How They Built Their First Air Kite---The First Successful Ascension---How It Feels to Ride in an Areoplane.

The following article by the greatest of air navigators, Wilbur and Orville Wright, is a unique contribution to the literature of sky travel. It is the first complete review of their work by these two clever and energetic Americans, whose genius and success have commanded admiration on both sides of the Atlantic.

(Copyright, 1909, by Pierre Lafitte.)

By Wilbur and Orville Wright.

OUR interest in aerial navigation dates from early childhood. It was in the autumn of 1878 that our father brought us home one evening a toy, which he held half hidden in his hand for a while to excite our curiosity and then tossed it into the air. Instead of falling to the ground, as we expected it would, the thing soared in the air, across to the other side of the room, where it struck against the opposite wall and then finally fluttered lightly to the floor. It was a little toy called scientifically the helicopter, but we boys promptly christened it "bat." It was a miniature airship of bamboo and cork covered with paper and having two lifting propellers turned by twisted rubber bands. So fragile a plaything could not last long in the hands of children, but the impression made upon our minds remained permanently.

Years later we set to work constructing for our own amusement toy airships on the model of this helicopter, only of larger size. To our amazement we found that the larger the "bat" the less it would fly! We didn't know then that doubling the linear dimensions of a machine calls for a motor eight times more powerful.

It was not until the summer of 1896, when news came of the deplorable death of Lilienthal, that we turned our attention seriously to the question. Then we began studying Chanute's "Progress in Flying Machines," Langley's "Experiments in Aerodynamics," the Aeronautic Annals of 1895, 1896 and 1897, and divers publications of the Smithsonian Institution, together with Lilienthal's special articles, and extracts from Mouillard's "Empire of the Air." The more ponderous treatises gave us an idea of the nature of the aerial problem, of the difficulties encountered up to date in the efforts to solve it; while Mouillard and Lilienthal, the great prophets of aviation, communicated to us their inextinguishable enthusiasm and transformed our passive curiosity into an active creative zeal.

The science of aviation at that time was divided into two schools. The first, represented by such men as Prof. Langley and Sir Hiram Maxim, occupied itself chiefly with flight by mechanical propulsion; while the second, represented by Lilienthal, Mouillard and Chanute, put faith in the floating or gliding plane. Our sympathies went with the latter—in the first place, because of the waste and extravagance involved in constructing delicate and costly machines with wings that nobody knew how to operate; and in the second place, especially, because of the contagious enthusiasm with which the apostles of the aeroplane expatiated on the charms of such navigation, borrowing from the wind, by means of rigid extended wings, its sole power of propulsion.

The equilibrium of an aeroplane flyer seems, at first sight, a very simple matter, but experience thus far has proven that this same question of equilibrium is the only one that cannot be solved satisfactorily. All kinds of different principles have been tried. Some have placed the centre of gravity far beneath the wings, or sails, only to find that it oscillated, pendulum-wise, in a manner disastrous to the stability of the machine. A more satisfactory system, especially as regarded the lateral equilibrium, consisted in the adjustment of V-shaped wings at a certain scientific angle, but this was practicable only when there was no wind blowing. The same system, under a different form, was applied to the longitudinal, or fore-and-aft, equilibrium, with the body of the aeroplane disposed at a positive angle, while a horizontal tail, or rudder, presented its surface at a negative angle, the centre of gravity being placed well forward. This produced the same phenomenon noted with the lateral equilibrium—that the very forces which steadied the machine in a calm caused it to oscillate in the wind. Nevertheless, with all its limitations, this principle is the one resorted to in most of the flying machines constructed up to the present time.

Convinced that an aeroplane built on this principle could have no practical value, we set to work to perfect an apparatus which should reduce to a minimum the variations caused by the action of erratic breezes and chance currents of air. This result we sought to obtain, as concerned the longitudinal equilibrium, by giving a special form to our aeroplane, and as concerned the transverse equilibrium by curving our surfaces, from one extremity to the other, inversely from the lines adopted by our predecessors. This accomplished, we calculated upon means to be put in action by the operator through processes adapted to the purpose to maintain a steady general equilibrium. We were enabled here to utilize an ingenious device invented by Wenham and perfected by Stringfellow and Chanute, by which the sails of the aeroplane could be "warped" and "trimmed" to the wind like those of a sailboat. Such, with a deep-hung steering rudder forward, was the general plan of our first aerial glider, or flyer.

The period of fifteen years from 1885 to 1900 was one of unexampled activity in the realm of aeronautics. For a moment it seemed that the age of human aerial navigation had begun. Then, after having expended $100,000, Maxim abandoned, or at least suspended, his work. The Ader airship, built at the expense of the French Government, proved a failure. Lilienthal and Pilcher were killed in the course of their work. Chanute and others, from one cause or another, gave up their practical efforts. Prof. Langley was understood to be experimenting with a flying machine for the United States, but his operations were conducted with great secrecy, and eventually the public demonstration ended in a fiasco.

Our first tentative flights were made in October 1900, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Our machine was supposed to fly, on the kite principle, carrying a man, in wind blowing from 15 to 20 miles an hour. As a matter of fact, we found that a considerably greater wind velocity than we had calculated upon was required. We were compelled to "fly" our machine like a kite, without an operator aboard, testing our balancing system as best we could by means of cords, which we worked while standing on the ground. The results, while not conclusive, were sufficiently encouraging to convince us that we were on the right track.

During the summer of 1901 we entered into personal relations with Mr. Chanute, who spent several weeks with us in our experimental camp at Kill Devil Hill, to the south of Kitty Hawk, N. C. Later in 1904, Mr. Chanute also assisted at our motor-aeroplane flights near Dayton, O.

Wilbur Wright.

Orville Wright.

Our apparatus of 1901 conformed, in the matter of sustaining surfaces, to that of Lilienthal, but, in order to be sure of sufficient lifting power in winds of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, we increased our superficies, or "spread of sail," from fifteen square yards to twenty-nine square yards—an area considerably greater than either Lilienthal, Pilcher or Chanute had judged necessary. Even then the lifting force proved less than we had expected—so much less that we finally decided to abandon the kite idea of ascension altogether.

Inasmuch as we felt confident, and Mr. Chanute positively assured us, that the insufficiency of result was not attributable to any defect of construction, the only conclusion we could arrive at was that the tables of air pressure in common use were inexact. This we proved later to be glaringly the case. Meanwhile, we confined our equilibristic experiments to gliding down the slopes of hills, quite close to the ground, and were able to effect aerial glides of more than 300 feet with success and surety.

We had taken up aviation in the beginning purely as a recreation. The scientific point of view at first had appealed to us scarcely at all. But soon we found the work so fascinating that we plunged deeper and deeper into its mysteries. We launched out in an endless series of experiments with regard to wind-pressure on surfaces of various sizes and shapes at every possible angle, in different velocities, also in ascertaining the reciprocal effects of superposed surfaces.

In the fall of 1902 we made about a thousand of our ground flights, or glissades, sometimes against a wind blowing as high as thirty-six miles an hour. The year following we proved the efficacy of our steering gear, as well as the sustaining power of our wing surfaces, by remaining in the air a minute or more, and circulating for some seconds over a given point.

We had now come to where we believed ourselves ready to construct a practicable motor aeroplane. Our first designs called for a total weight of 600 pounds, including the operator, and an eight horse-power motor. This motor, when installed, proved more powerful than we had estimated, so that we were enabled to add 150 pounds more to our weight, which we used in reinforcing the wings, &c.

In adjusting our propellers, or helicoidal lifting-screws, we had expected to obtain from naval engineers the tabulated theory of propulsive steamer-screws, which by application to our own tried formulas of air pressure would make the adaptation of our air propellers comparatively easy. We were disappointed to find that the naval engineers had no such tables, but only an antiquated set of empirical formulas, which left the exact science of screw propulsion pretty much where it began a century ago!

Our first propellers, constructed on "dead reckoning" solely, gave results equal to 66 per cent of the power expended—about a third more than either Maxim or Langley obtained.

In December, 1903, our first motor-aeroplane flights were achieved. On the 17th of that month the glide of only twelve seconds' duration went on record as the first time in the history of the world that a machine carrying a man had risen in the air, in free flight, by its own means—had described a circle on the same horizontal level without reduction of speed, and, finally, had alighted without mishap.

The Dayton experiments took place in the spring of 1904. Our new aeroplane was stronger and heavier than the one we had used kite-fashion in North Carolina, but in other respects did not greatly differ from it. On the day set for the first public demonstration there was not enough wind to raise our machine from the ground, and it made only an ignominious little slide. The next day a second attempt, made in the presence of a few newspaper men only, was also unsuccessful, on account of a temporary difficulty with the motor.

We found, also, that the problem of equilibrium was far from having been satisfactorily solved. It was not until September, 1905, that we made what we considered a really successful long flight, covering six miles at a height of from 50 to 100 feet above the ground, and returning to the point of departure. Then our flights attracted spectators in such numbers that we were obliged to discontinue them in this locality. Notwithstanding all the excitement and publicity, our experiments remained for the press at large, then and a long time afterward, an occult mystery.

What is the sensation of riding in an aeroplane? It is peculiarly exhilarating and at the beginning, for most persons, full of suppressed excitement. The machine rises swiftly yet lightly from the mono-rail along which it is pushed at starting. For a minute the earth seems a blur beneath you, but as you ascend the landscape and terrestrial objects detach themselves more clearly. At an elevation of, say, a hundred feet, you would be unconscious of any movement whatever but for the wind that fans your cheeks—and whisks off your hat if it be not held securely. The operator pulls a lever, the aeroplane tilts to one side and makes a sharp turn to right or left, but you are not jerked about in your seat as you would be in an automobile, or even in a railway car. Now you are facing about, toward the point of departure. The ground, far below, seems suddenly to be rushing along at a terrific speed, although the wind against your face has not perceptibly changed. You are now going with the wind.

As you approach the starting place the conductor stops his motor while the machine is still high in the air. It has been whirring with deafening sound but in your excitement you did not notice it until it ceased. The aeroplane dives downward, obliquely, and alights after a glide of perhaps a hundred feet. Although it may descend at the speed of a mile a minute, there is such an absence of shock that it is impossible to know the precise moment when it touches the ground.

How a Woman Rebuilt an Old Colonial Home.

Mrs. J. H. Graham's Successful Transformation of a Summit, N. J., House.

SEVEN years ago the visitor to Summit, N. J., would have passed without so much as a stray glance at an old tumble-down house near the station that has stood for one hundred and thirty-seven years. Long ago it was condemned as unfit for habitation.

During the Revolutionary war the old house was used as a hospital. It had a Dutch roof with a few holes in the gables to give light in the attic chambers, and it was built with a scarcity of windows which proclaimed that nearly a century and a half ago the faces that looked in through wayside windows were not always likely to be of welcome character.

Just nine years ago its present owner, Mrs. J. H. Graham, saw the possibilities for beauty and comfort which lay in this house and its surrounding farm and bought the whole for "a mere song."

The house itself, regarded from the residential point of view, wasn't worth more than a few hundred dollars. From the artistic point of view it was worth thousands. And its present owner, having developed its possibilities, wouldn't take many thousands to-day for her thoroughly up-to-date, splendidly equipped, comfortable and artistically beautiful home.

She wouldn't have any architect or contract builder to remodel her house. She felt perfectly able to do that part of the work herself. All she wanted, and all she engaged, was a supply of carpenters to carry out her instructions. She had the air holes in the attic cut into windows and added a few more, letting the light flood in upon many decades of dust. Attractive dormer windows were built, the walls were plastered and then with her own hands she papered the rooms which occupied this story of the house and furnished them in old mahogany and draperies, entirely in keeping with the antique character of the house both in workmanship and artistic merit.

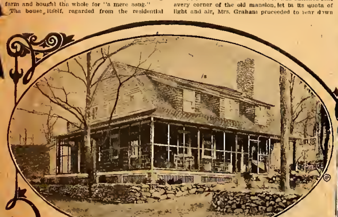
Next she had windows cut in the lower story. Sunshine and plenty of it she determined to allow full play in her home. When she was satisfied that every corner of the old mansion let in its quota of light and air, Mrs. Graham proceeded to tear down the partition walls between the little rooms, making two rooms in one place a charming bedroom, in another a living room that would set an artist dreaming with delight.

The beautiful ceiling beams, covered with plaster, were restored, the plaster cleared away and the handsome beams polished till they reflected gleams of light upon their dark, shining surfaces. No two beams were exactly the same width, and no two were set the same distance apart, but this only adds to the quaintness of their aspect.

All the floors in the house are of two-inch oak planks, finely grained and finely polished, with that indescribable beauty which age gives to well-seasoned wood.

There was no porch in the house, a defect this clever woman quickly remedied. She built a porch along the entire front and along most of the west side. Upon the floor is laid a grass carpet; cosey divans, easy chairs, little tables and the what-nots that make porch living-rooms so delightful are arranged upon this porch so attractively that every passer by glances in and longs to rest there. And few would recognize in the beautiful country home of to-day the tumble-down wreck of former years. And fewer still would believe that a woman had wrought the wonderful transformation.

The Old House as It Was.



The House as It Is.

Main Living Room of the House.

HOME PAGE

Edited by Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

The Coming of the "Alms Bag."

It Is Like That Worn by Faust's Marguerite, and Will Be Useful as Well as Beautiful.

THE woman who wants to be really in fashion, has bought herself or is making herself an alms bag.

This is the latest novelty of the winter season, and during the spring it is to figure on all the dresses for street and afternoon wear.

Like all the new fashions, the alms bag is taken from mediaeval times and is no more nor less than a little bag like that which Faust's Marguerite wore at her side or in which St. Elizabeth of Hungary carried alms to her poor.

The modern alms bag looks as mediaeval as possible, made in leather or cloth heavily embroidered, and ornamented with bangles, fringes and pendants of metal or silk. The almoner's bag originated with the strolling monks in the eleventh century. When these monks journeyed throughout the country, living on alms, they carried small leather bags in which they gathered their collections. The bag was attached to a cord about the waist and a faint echo of this cord has survived in the fashion of to-day, the bag in many cases being suspended from the high directoire girdle by an ornamental cord or chain.

A very beautiful bag of green leather embroidered in tarnished green and gold threads is made to go with one of the early spring frocks. The long pendants are of heavy twisted gold and silver wires, interspersed with colored beads.

Speaking of beads, what really barbaric splendor the new fashions are bringing us! To be up to date you must be mediaeval, and to be mediaeval you must be covered with precious stones or imitations of them, but if you can't go as far as that, plain glass beads will do.

I saw a lovely Redfern dress the other day on a very charming woman of about forty-five. It was one of those dresses made after the gowns worn in the play "Le Bon Roi Dagobert," which made so much of a hit in Paris that the gowns worn in it have simply been copied for evening wear. The dress was on a foundation of gray satin, made on directoire lines, which served perfectly well for the corsetless period of the twelfth century. The bottom of the dress was heavily embroidered in metallic paillettes and the lady was incased, arms and body, and a good part of her neck, in what looked to be a cuirass of metallic net, also sown with darker paillettes of the same substance. It looked to be steel but of course it wasn't. It was some nice imitation. She wore two large jewelled plaques on either side of her head, and while she was conscious of being both up to date and a little beyond it in a modern drawing room, she could have dashed off with the crusaders without making the slightest sensation, so entirely twelfth century was her costume.

I seem to have strayed a long way from the alms bag, but it was only to give you an idea how truly mediaeval we are becoming and that the alms bag is perfectly appropriate, after all.

It would certainly be entirely out of place for a woman dressed like Dante's Beatrice to carry a nice little modern shopping bag with a handle.

What is worrying me just at present is the snap the pickpockets will have. I can foresee that this new fashion will lead to crime, for the alms bag when freighted with all the hundred and one things necessary to woman's happiness, which she ordinarily carries in her stocking or in her shopping bag, will be an easy prize for the industrious pickpocket.

A Fifth avenue shop has brought out some beautiful brocaded alms bags, the pattern on the brocade embellished with colored bead embroidery and silver and gold. These, of course, are to be worn with dresses of harmonizing colors, but as a rule the bag will be made of the same material as the gown or of leather or silk of the same or a harmonizing shade.

The pattern for the most of them is the same as the old chatelaine bag, except that the top part, instead of being gathered into a metal clasp, is finished with a ruffle or an edge and a draw string, the string being also the attachment to the belt.

Problems in Etiquette.

Dear Madam: Will you please let me know who is right in the following matter: My husband and I went to a dinner the other day and one of the dishes was quite spoilt. The hostess kept apologizing all the time until we were most uncomfortable. I maintain that she shouldn't have apologized at all. Was I correct? B. S.

You were right. It is the height of bad manners for a hostess to apologize for any sort of mishap in the cookery or the service at a meal, whether formal or informal. And in such cases as the above, the guests as well as the hostess should have helped themselves to the dish in question and made a pretense at least of tasting it. To make explanations or apologies for simplicity whether in food or dress is also extremely bad form and this is more pretentious than a great display of expensive food or fine clothes.

Dear Madam: Should the hostess at a dinner party press her guests to take a second helping? ELEANORE

At formal dinners and luncheons it is the duty of the waitress or butler to pass the dishes to each guest when a plate is seen to need replenishing. But only once, and the guest may help himself again if he chooses. On such formal occasions the hostess does not ask her guests to take a second helping. At less formal affairs, if the host is carving, he may ask his guests to have a second helping, but the hostess usually motions to the waitress to pass the dishes. She may even ask a guest to have his plate replenished, but should never press him if he declines.

A Spring Evening Gown And the "Follow-Me" Bow.

FASHION is hard on the woman whose arms are not beautiful, for none of the latest evening gowns has sleeves. Instead of that they all have jewelled bands or a little tulle drapery and, somewhere from the shoulder or knotted around the upper arm, a loose piece of gauze in a long floating bow, the ends of which reach quite to the end of the dress. This is called a suivez-moi, or "follow me," and is quite the latest thing in dress accessories.

Beautiful Mrs. Philip Lydig in a white satin frock looked even more than ordinarily exquisite at the opera recently, and the only relief in the charming picture was the blackness of her hair and the long black streamer of tulle which flowed from her perfect shoulder to the end of the white satin dress, curving once around the arm. It was on the left arm only, a shoulder strap and a bit of white gauze being the only covering for the other arm.

The gown illustrated here shows the follow-me bow and the picture also illustrates the new tendency in coiffure which is to part the hair in the middle, bind it with the ever present tiara or ribbon or diadem allowing small clusters of curls or a single curl to escape over the side of each ear. The effect is very quaint, and on the girl with the classic face or with piquante little features it looks equally well.

All the spring dresses are showing embroidery in "rat-tail." This is the new trimming that is to supplant soutache, as it is much heavier and more effective. Rat tail is made of closely wound liberty silk and satin, taffeta or other material. The silk is made into a sort of cord and then hand sewn upon the garment in scrolls or fancy designs. There is an immense amount of labor in it, but it is very beautiful, and as it is simple enough in itself, it gives the ever-present home dressmaker a chance to emulate the French couturiere; all she needs beside the silk being time and patience.

Here's a "Lucky Spoon."

THIS little spoon is called a "lucky spoon," and was a wedding present to a young woman, who carries it always in her purse. It is of unique design and combines every lucky symbol there is in a country where superstition does not abound. In the bowl of the spoon are a horse-shoe and a wishbone, and worked into the rest of the design are forget-me-nots, a four-leaf clover and a true lover's knot, and, as if this wasn't enough, "Good luck" tops the whole.

Problems of Cooking

Pointers on System in the Kitchen.

VERY few women can do all their own work and be fit to enjoy themselves in the evening. But there is a secret in this kind of domestic success, the discovery of which appears too simple to be true, but it is true, nevertheless, and has been proved to the entire satisfaction of the little woman who holds the key to it as well as to her husband and friends.

This wonderful little lady, who is very small and almost fragile in appearance, does a colossal amount of work with so much skill and ease that it is hardly perceptible that she is working at all. She lives in a large and luxuriously furnished house in the suburbs, and she keeps no maid except an occasional helper for heavy cleaning and a waitress on the evenings when there is a dinner party, but a waitress only, for the small lady herself gets up these elaborate dinners which are now famous in her circle of friends, and always appears in time to receive her guests, looking as fresh and animated as if she had been resting all day.

"How do you manage it?" I asked her, after one of those notable feasts when she was showing me through her immaculate and perfect kitchen and pantries.

"The whole thing is done on a system," she replied, "and I've got it down to such a fine point that it is much easier than it would be to try to teach a servant the ins and outs of my domestic arrangements. In the first place," she went on, "scrupulous neatness is the greatest labor saver I know of. You see," she said, pointing to the walls, "that everything in this kitchen has its place and nothing is ever out of its place." And, looking at the white enamelled walls, I saw a shining array of kitchen utensils—every sort of chopper and broiler, meat fork and basting spoon that had ever been invented; there were pots and pans for all occasions, each with its mirror face reflecting the light of the gas jet, a whole glittering regiment ready for action.

"I never leave anything unwashed a moment if I can help it," went on the chatelaine of this culinary castle. "That is, I never allow anything to accumulate, and while things are cooking I usually wash up. I learned to cook both in France and Germany, having little else to do at the time, and, having always been interested in cooking, I think I have extracted the best from both countries, not only in cooking but in methods and management, and especially in saving. When I came to this country I was shocked at the great waste in the kitchen with your American cooks. I tried training one or two, but I soon found it was too much for my nerves, and I determined to try my own hand at it again. There is never any loss when I cook. Every drop of gravy, every piece of meat, even the fragments of left-over vegetables and a hundred and one things that American cooks toss in the garbage pail I use in many little savory dishes I learned to make abroad.

"As for the pots and pans, they are not so hard to keep as you might think or as most cooks assert. Of course it would be impossible to have them shining and bright like this if I were a careless cook, but it is entirely to my interest to be an extremely careful one, and I don't allow food to burn in them. I use double boilers a great deal, too, and they are great labor savers. I took the trouble to learn the management of the range when I bought it, and that is another time saver.

"If I'm going to give a dinner party I usually get everything ready and the table set early in the afternoon. Everything that is possible to do on the range I finish up before 2 o'clock. Then I go up and rest for three hours, take a bath and dress in my dinner dress, which I turn up all around and cover completely with a high necked and long sleeved apron. By 6.30 the dinner is about ready and the woman who helps me at those times is ready to take charge. I have a half hour or more to powder my nose and compose myself before the guests arrive.

"As for the housecleaning part of it, that is not hard, either, reduced to my system. I never do the heavy cleaning, of course, and we don't have things mussed up here. I usually get up at 6 in the morning, take a cold bath, and as soon as I am dressed I open every window upstairs and let the wind blow through the second story, so that by the time our coffee and rolls are ready the place is as fresh and sweet as possible."

About the Children

IF you want to lead a slave's life, start out by singing your baby to sleep every night.

Many women do this because they like to do it. It is certainly a pretty picture to see the young mother crooning her first baby to sleep, and one can hardly blame her for giving way to the fascination and charm of these idle moments when the baby drops off to sleep to the sound of his mother's soft voice. But a life of martyrdom is certain to follow such indulgences, and when baby grows older and is perfectly able to sleep without accompaniment, he refuses to do so, and demands to be sung to and talked to and crooned to, and sometimes gets so interested and excited that he stays awake just to hear the grand finish of the story. And meanwhile the evening is rapidly passing and any pleasure it held in store is losing its value. Provided a mother is certain her baby is not sick, she should put the child to bed and leave it, not taking it up to induce it to sleep. She should avoid sitting in the same room, and if baby never knows any other way than this of passing into slumber land it will make no unnecessary demands.

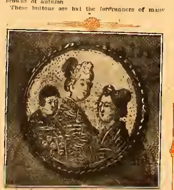
It is better for a new born baby to sleep in its bassinet. For one thing, curtains may be fitted to shade its eyes, and a bassinet is apt to be warmer than a crib, besides giving the child more support at the sides. And by the way, a good bassinet may be made from a large oval clothes basket. If a crib is used, the sides should be carefully lined to keep off the draught.

It is most important that the baby's bed be properly aired after it has been slept in. But it is also important to have the bed clothes warm before the baby is laid between them to sleep. As soon as the baby is taken from the room the bed clothes should be stripped from the mattress and, with the mattress, well aired at the open windows for an hour or more. When the child is put to bed, if the weather is cold, the sheets should be warmed before the fire. If this be done, there is no reason for the child being placed between blankets. Blankets used in this way are not apt to be as fresh and sweet as they should.

The Japanese Button.

SIX handsome Japanese buttons have voyaged all the way across ocean and continent to decorate my lady's brown crepe Directoire frock. And very beautiful buttons they are—not of mosaic, as one might think on first glance, but of exquisitely tinted porcelain colored in all the browns of autumn.

These buttons are but the forerunners of many more even more elaborate and beautiful for the new spring costumes. They are not all Japanese but those made in Japan carry with them the distinction which the Japanese know so well how to give to any artistic production.



A Marvellous Piece of Lace.

THE coverlet of the Duchesse de Chaulnes's son's crib is one of the most marvellous pieces of lace that have been made in modern times. The coat of arms forms the central figure in a magnificent piece of point de Valois lace measuring more than a yard in width and a yard and a half in length. It took 500 working days to finish the lace and on the coat of arms alone twenty expert lace-makers were employed.

Foulards Back Again.

AFTER years of suppression, the foulard has come back to its own. It is reappearing for the spring trade in all styles, figured and plain, and deserves the popularity which is expected for it. It is at once the coolest and the most durable of the summer silks, while looking far more elegant and draping more gracefully than the raw silk varieties.

Society and the Suffrage.

NOW that Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mrs. Philip Lydig have joined the ranks of the suffrage-seeking women, the movement will receive a new impetus and will become a fashionable hobby. If women can be made to take an interest in the movement, either for or against it, to understand what it is all about, to read and think over the issues, the agitation may be of immense value. There are far too many suffragettes, as well as antis whose idea of the woman's question is as vague as the geography of Mars.

Among Ourselves

AN extraordinary prosperity demonstration was given in December by the Society of Silent Unity, of Kansas City. This society is composed of many thousands of people in different parts of the world who join twice a day at a given hour in a few moments of concentration on some line of uplifting thought, the text of which is given in the monthly issue of the little Unity Magazine.

During November and part of December the society concentrated on the thought of prosperity, and in order to demonstrate the power of this prosperity thought the Board of Trustees of the society sent out $2,300 in dollar bills with a prosperity treatment, a thought calculated to dissipate all ideas of a limited supply, and to dispel the fear to which men are in bondage. The returns were most interesting and gratifying. The Unity Society had simply asked that the dollar or one dollar be returned after one month and with it a part of any unexpected increase that had come to the recipient. The increase of the total amount was 150 per cent. While some did not observe an increase in their affairs financially, a great majority acknowledged some good, at least, and all the way from 25 cents to $100 were returned with the "talent" which had been sent out.

This is probably the first time in history that so much money has been sent out merely to demonstrate the power of thought. People love to talk about the power of thought, but when it comes to paying out real money to show it they become scared. The "prosperity dollar" was a tremendous impetus to people who thought their small incomes or salaries were all that the future had in store for them.

Nearly every one thinks that his work or his business or his profession or some person is the source of his income, and he is greatly disturbed if these avenues seem closed. The fact that he is disturbed shows where his faith is. When this error is removed and God is known as the source of all good there is an opening of consciousness, so that supply comes in through many avenues.

While there are many who do not look at the question of supply and demand from its more spiritual side, the knowledge that they had a prosperity dollar in their hands and were receiving a prosperity treatment from the society inspired them with a confidence which they had previously lacked and enabled them to accomplish more than they had ever done before. And undoubtedly it has helped many hundreds to realize that their financial limitations were the result of fear and lack of faith.

Margaret Hubbard Ayer

A Unique Premium.

EVERY year the French Academy seeks out some one person whose life has been a model of goodness and virtue and recompenses him or her with a thousand francs, and the name is engraved in the roll of honor. Sometimes the prize falls to an old servant whose devotion to some poor family has endured through years of misery and hardships. Again, as in the case of Miss Selina Le Clerc, the Academy awarded her the prize for her lifelong faithfulness and care of a blind mother and brother. Among all the names mentioned on the list of honor there are barely twenty masculine ones.

Problems of Complexion

THE RAVAGES OF PEROXIDE.

K. L.—I am sorry to say you will either have to let the peroxide wear off or else have your hair dyed by a competent hair dresser who understands restoring hair to its natural color after it has been experimented on with other dyes and stains or bleaches.

FORMULA REPEATED.

S. R.—Below is the formula for pimples, but you should not use the complexion brush until the places are entirely healed and there are no further signs of eruption.

Lanoline, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur precipitate, 5 grams, oxide of zinc, 1½ grains, extract of violet, 10 drops.

Apply a very little of the cream to each pimple.

BLACKHEADS AROUND THE NOSE.

O. F. B.—Boys of sixteen are generally troubled with bad complexions, and a healthy life with plenty of exercise in the fresh air, is usually all that is needed to clear them up. The best remedy for the blackheads is a complexion brush used every day with warm water and a pure, bland soap, rinsing afterward in several clear waters. But if the places are very conspicuous try the following method. First soften the skin by laying over the face compresses of old linen dipped in very hot water. Keep this up for ten or fifteen minutes, renewing the compress as it begins to cool. Then anoint the face with the tincture of green soap and scrub with the complexion brush. Rinse in several clear waters, dry with a soft towel and rub in a little cold cream and press out the blackheads gently. Repeat for several nights until the blackheads have disappeared. Keep up the use of the complexion brush, however, or they will return; also practise a few exercises every day to increase your circulation, so that the skin will carry off the waste matter which clogs the pores.

MOTH PATCHES.

V. L. B.—Bleaches and skin whiteners are really of very little avail with such troubles, which are induced invariably by a torpid liver. Take one of the good old-fashioned remedies and eat a little dried fruit every day, especially figs, prunes and dates, and your complexion will soon begin to clear up. The formula below may hasten the process.

One dram of white precipitate, 1 dram of subnitrate of bismuth, 1 ounce of benzoinated lard. Apply every night for one week, longer if the speckles are persistent.

AN OILY COMPLEXION.

DOROTHEA.—Below is a formula which will give temporary relief to the excessive oiliness, but the trouble is generally more than skin-deep and a little self-denial in the matter of rich food, fried things, pastries, &c., will bring about a permanent cure. The friction of a complexion brush will also help in cleansing the skin and opening the obstructed pores.

Pulverized borax, 1 ounce; pure glycerine, ½ ounces, camphor water (not spirits of camphor), quarts.

The skin should be bathed with this lotion two or three times a day, and the treatment should be persisted in for three months at least.

WANTS A SKIN BLEACH.

M. M. P.—You should use neither complexion brushes nor skin bleaches as long as you suffer from pimples. Below is a formula for Fossatti cream which will heal the pimples, and after they have entirely disappeared and there is no irritation whatever you may begin to use the complexion brush for the enlarged pores. If your skin is naturally dark, to match hair and eyes, bleaches will be of little avail if any. It may be tanned but that is unlikely at this time of the year, although the wind is some times as tanning as the sun. If, however, the yellow look is caused by biliousness and a torpid liver, neither bleaches nor any other cosmetic will whiten it, and you must take one of the good old-fashioned liver remedies. The same thing which induced the sallowness probably caused the pimples also, and if you cleanse your system you will see a decided improvement in your complexion.

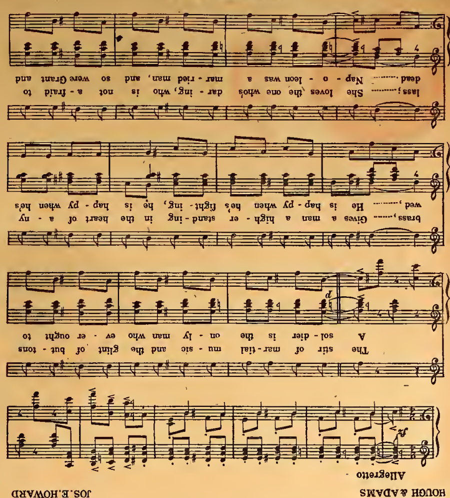
Lanoline, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur precipitate, 5 grams; oxide of zinc, 2 grams, extract of violet, 10 drops.

Apply a very little of the cream to each pimple, wait until the pimples are cured before using the face brush, which might irritate them.

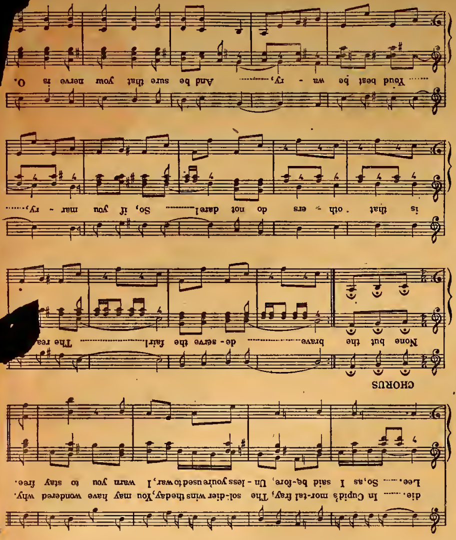
None But The Brave Deserve The Fair

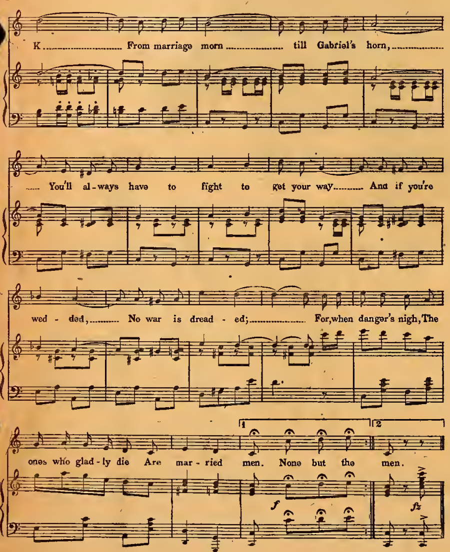
Lyric by HOUGH & ADAMS

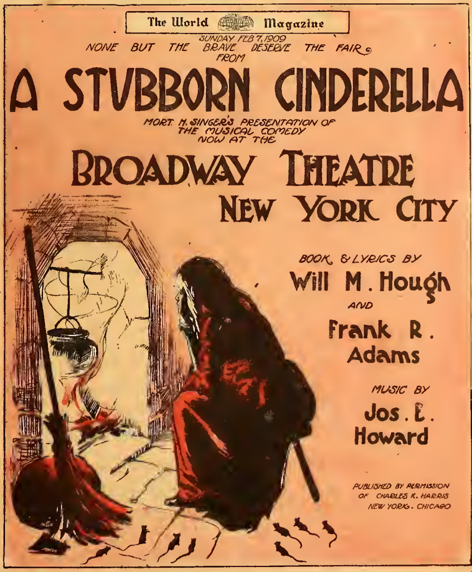
Music by JOS. E. HOWARD



Copyright MCMVIII by Chas. K. Harris
Rights for Mechanical Instruments reserved. International Copyright Secured.







You honor two birthdays

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
February 12th, 1809.
Centennial Anniversary.

Emancipation from Pen Troubles
L. E. Waterman Co.

L. E. WATERMAN CO.,
February 12th, 1884.
Quarter-Centennial Anniversary.

All Men Are Free and Equal With a
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

From the Best Dealers Everywhere

THE PEN OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FROM no other pen has ever come more perfect use of the English language, or a more famous signature than that of the immortal Lincoln. His signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, January 1st, 1863, warrants the centennial tribute paid to his memory by all civilized nations. His speech at Gettysburg, November 19th, 1863, remains as an example of faultless composition.

Had Abraham Lincoln lived among us, during the present century-end, the fruits of his wonderful mind would have taken permanent form, on paper, by the use of the greatest of modern writing instruments—Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. The manufacturers of this invention, of world-wide fame, celebrate, on February 12th, its Twenty-Fifth Anniversary, coincidental with that of Abraham Lincoln. *Since its inception and to-day it is*

The Emancipator of the Millions of Slaves to the Ink Bottle.

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N.Y.
"The Pen Corner"

8 School St., Boston.
209 State St., Chicago.
734 Market St., San Francisco.

136 St. James St., Montreal
961 Broadway, Oakland
San Juan de Letran 7, Mexico

12 Golden Lane, London.
6 Rue de Hanovre, Paris.
Pragerstrasse No. 6, Dresden.

Via Bossi 4, Milan.
Moneda 1069, Santiago.
San Martin 300, Buenos Ayres.